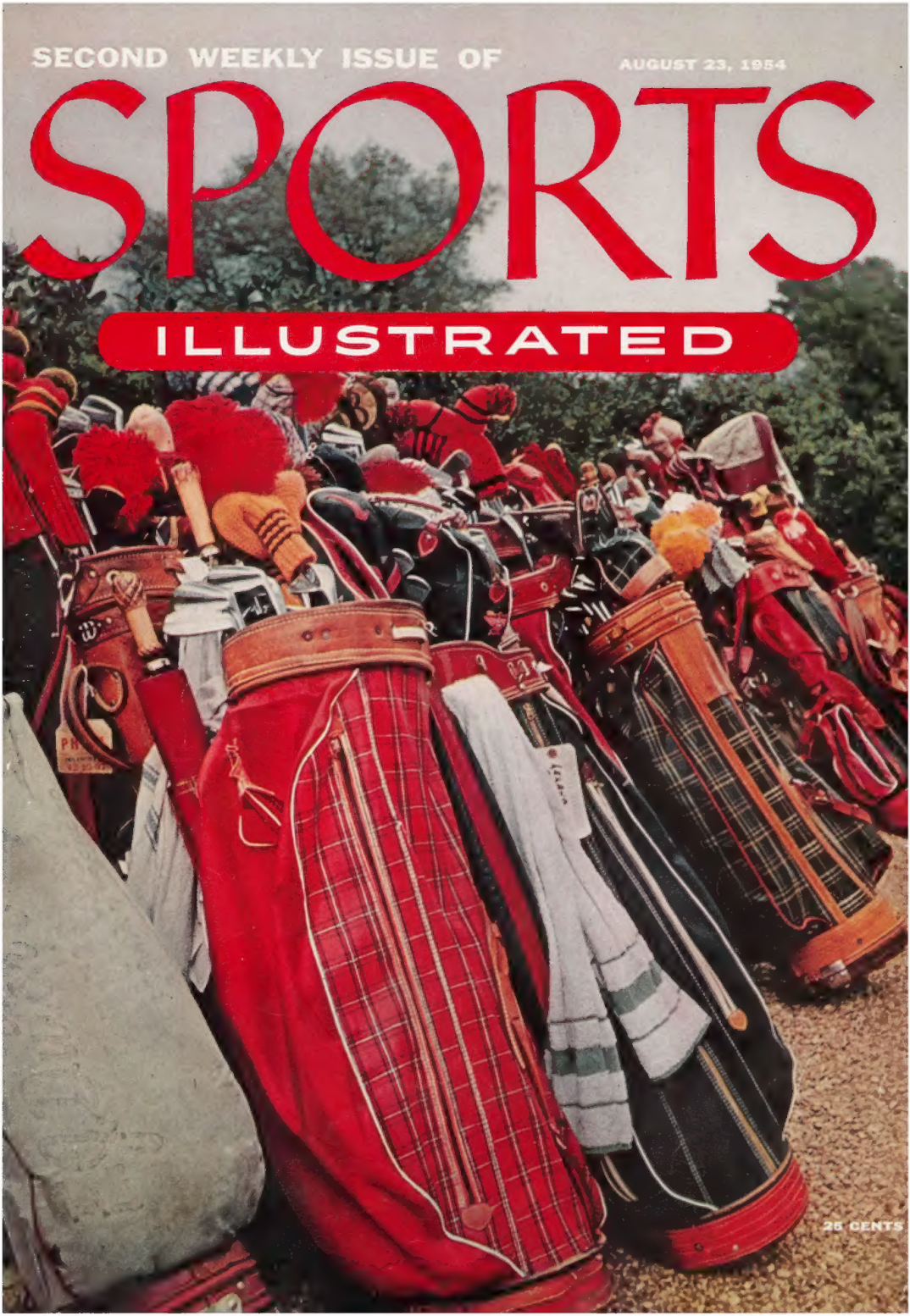
SECOND WEEKLY ISSUE OF

AUGUST 23, 1954

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED



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JIMMY JEMAIL

JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOT BOX

The Question: **Would legalized gambling be good or bad?**

The Answers:



JANE FAYE
FOREST HILLS, N.Y.
WIDOW

"Good. Under legalized gambling I'm sure there'd be less gambling than there is now. During prohibition there were more people drinking. Speakeasies were everywhere. People thought it was smart to drink. Not as many of my friends are drinking now."



JACK DEMPSEY
EX-HEAVYWEIGHT
CHAMPION

"Nevada has legalized gambling. It's a great success. There's never been a scandal. Nevada would operate at a deficit without legalized gambling. Also, in the field of sports, there wouldn't be the same danger of a 'fix' as there is now. And I don't necessarily mean boxing. We've had 'fixes' in baseball, football and basketball. Only when gambling is illegal is a 'fix' likely. Understand, I'm not a gambler. The most I've ever bet is $25."



PAUL D. GREEN
BABYLON, N.Y.
WRITER

"It's impossible to curb the gambling instinct by laws. And you can't legislate morals into people. Prohibition remains a vivid example. We now have a ridiculous law which permits betting at race tracks but prohibits it elsewhere. This law is responsible for many of our gangsters."



DOROTHY E. WILSON
CYPRESS HILLS, N.Y.
BISCUIT PACKER

"Conditions are bad now, but they'd be worse with legalized gambling. I know some women who dash out of their homes to bingo games as soon as their husbands leave the house for work. At five o'clock they hurry to delicatessen stores to buy their husbands' 'home cooked' dinners. If it were legal to place a bet with the bookies, some of them would hock their husbands' clothes the minute they got a 'sure' tip."



THOMAS E. DEWEY
ALBANY, N.Y.
GOVERNOR

"Legalized gambling, generally, would be shocking, immoral and indecent. It is fundamentally immoral to encourage the belief in gambling as a source of family income. It would be indecent for government to finance itself out of the weaknesses of the people. Under legalized gambling there would be no logic in refusing to license lotteries, betting pools, dice games and slot machines. They would be a continuous invitation for husbands and wives to gamble away money needed for the family."



JEANETTE MULLIGAN
BROOKLYN, N.Y.
HOME

"If a man could gamble legally, conditions would be better than they are now. He would use more sense and better judgment. He might even stop gambling. You know it's like Eve's forbidden apple. He'll eat eagerly, even if it isn't good for him."



FATZO ZUCKERMAN
NEW YORK CITY
CONTACT MAN

"Bad. Take me as an example. Years ago a friend took me to my first horse race in Miami. I placed my first $2 bet on a horse and won $94. I grabbed my hair and asked myself why I had been working all my life. Since then I've lost over $30,000 at the tracks. The habit I acquired is impossible to break. Sure I'm Fatzo—behind the ears."



ROBERT F. WAGNER
NEW YORK CITY
MAYOR

"We have legalized gambling at race tracks. However, the subject of off-track betting should and will be explored. It seems hypocritical that a track bet is legal while one made over the fence is not. Legal off-track betting would help the city raise needed revenues."



BILL HUTTON
NEW YORK CITY
ADVERTISING

"If foresight is used in legalized gambling to protect the poor man against himself, the result will be good. I'm an American from England. There street betting is legal, but only on a credit basis. If a man doesn't have credit he can't bet. The law permits him to recover from a betting agent, but the agent can't recover from him. The betting taxes add to the national revenue instead of filling the pockets of criminals, who always manage to evade the law."

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Memo from the Publisher

Last week, even though you were starting with Vol. 1, No. 1, you found yourself right in the middle of the story. And this week you take it from there.

For sport is endless. There's always tomorrow's game—always another chance at the big one that got away—and next week you're positive you can break 90. We have planned SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, however, so that you may begin each week at the start and read through to the finish line in a fairly dependable sequence.

We'll nearly always open with a story of top interest (the editors call it the "lead story") on an event which has dominated the sports scene during the previous week. Last week, for example, Bannister and Landy, the great milers, provided us with the perfect lead, and an auspicious one for our very first issue. Our lead stories will have a wide variety of subject and locale—a Channel swim, a record-breaking Kentucky Derby, a Rose Bowl classic—and they will always be the last story to go on the press each Monday night.

Immediately following will be *Soundtrack*, in which the editors will then sweep the whole field of sports, according to their inclinations; and here they will call 'em as they see 'em.

Spectacle comes next, each week a noteworthy series of photographs, sometimes in full color and sometimes in faster-closing black and white. This week, beginning on page 15, you'll see the Wimbledon you've always read about as it really looks, with all the tradition of this greatest of tennis tournaments—roses and ivy, heraldry and red-and-green cushions—and this year a star in the great tradition of U.S. Wimbledon stars, Maureen Connolly.

The Wonderful World of Sport (page 19) will be pictures also, but news pictures, and with a broader theme: a kaleidoscope of the usual and unusual which make sport international and universal—and wonderful.

Features then take over the middle section of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, their topics as unpredictable as the outcome of tonight's game. Their tone will sometimes be informative, as in Herbert Warren Wind's *Preview* of the National Amateur golf tourney (*page 36*), or amusing, as in what befalls (*page 33*) a Wall Street broker when he realizes the American dream and finally gets to own a real live ball club.

Although it's not tagged as such, *Outdoors* will always occupy a prominent spot in the feature section. This week you'll find in it a discussion of the best ways to lug your gear along with you in the woods; some gorgeous color pictures of teen-agers climbing Mt. Rainier; and fishing expert Hart Stilwell's account of his battles with the six-foot alligator gar in muddy Southern rivers.

From page 53 on, columnists and special departments will populate the back of the magazine. There's Bill Talbert on Tennis, Red Smith on Baseball, Herman Hickman on Football, among the columnists; there's *Scoreboard*, assembling last week's winners for you in one tidy place, from their hideouts on ticker tapes and sports pages; *The Sporting Look*, which tells some of the wonderful things sports do for clothes and clothes do for sports; *You Should Know*, by the Know-it-all, who this week introduces you (*page 53*) to some of the finer points of a fascinating sport: bird watching.

This being only Vol. 1, No. 2, it's still too early for our letters-to-the-editor section, which, incidentally, will be called *The 19th Hole*. *The 19th Hole* will begin next week, and then or at some future date I certainly hope to see you there.

—H. H. S. PHILLIPS JR.

PAT ON THE BACK

Herewith a salute from the editors to men and women of all ages who have fairly earned the good opinion of the world of sport, regardless of whether they have yet earned its tallest headlines



FOSTER ("Bud") **BRADLEY,** 17, Los Angeles student, won sectional qualifying honors with a 70, then went on to whip field of 128 youngsters to win U.S.G.A. Junior Amateur championship. Bud's victory entitles him to enter Men's National Amateur at Detroit next week.



JIM FITZSIMMONS, known to horse-race followers as "Sunny Jim" or Mr. Fitz, has saddled more stakes winners in 69 years of racing (over 275) than any other trainer. He is the only trainer to have had two horses win the Triple Crown (Kentucky Derby, Preakness, Belmont Stakes)—Gallant Fox and Omaha. Now, at 80, Mr. Fitz leads all trainers in winners on New York tracks. His Laugh won the Flash Stakes at Saratoga on Aug. 2.



MRS. EUGENIE MARRON, specialist in light-tackle angling, now studying game-fish habits in Pacific waters, boated a 772-pound broadbill swordfish off Iquique, Chile for a new women's record. Her husband, Lou Marron, holds the men's mark.



FRED SHIELDS, 57 (*left*), of Detroit, and **CHARLEY BOSWELL,** 38, of Birmingham, Ala., are blind golfers who use coaches as "seeing eyes" to line up their shots. A nine-handicap man before he was struck blind in 1948, Shields gave up golf, then took it up again five weeks before this year's National Blind Golf championship. Despite added handicaps of arthritis and "football legs," Shields whipped Boswell—a six-time blind champion—for the title with a record-breaking 205 for 36 holes.

Volume 1, Number 2 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED August 23, 1954

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CONTENTS

12 **SOUNDTRACK** Connie Mack . . . Visiting Heavyweight . . . 93-Pound Infielder
15 **SPECTACLE** The tennis championships at Wimbledon IN COLOR
19 **THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT** As the camera sees it
79 **SCOREBOARD** and Week's Winners
81 **COMING EVENTS**

8 **SARATOGA'S YEARLING SALES**
A report on the spa's booming, sociable auctions in words by JOE ESTES *and pictures by* RICHARD MEEK

24 **FASTEST MAN AFLOAT**
Seattle's Stan Sayres has won the Gold Cup five years running. Here's who he is. By WILLIAM L. WORDEN

26 **THE YANKS ARE STILL THE TEAM TO BEAT**
A report on the world champions by ROBERT CREAMER, *with a six-page foldout of trading card portraits* IN COLOR

33 **MY MIDSUMMER NIGHTMARE**
The adventures of a Wall Street broker who bought a Class-B ball club. By his wife, MARJORIE OSTERMAN

36 **PREVIEW: THE U.S. AMATEUR**
A report on the coming golf tournament, the course and the players by HERBERT WARREN WIND, *with a word portrait of Billy Joe Patton by* COLES PHINIZY

70 **SAILS ON LONG ISLAND SOUND**
A picture report on the greatest summer sailing playground with the big cruising yachts IN COLOR

61 **A GIRL WITH BOUNCE**
Pretty Paula Jean Myers trains for fancy diving on a trampoline IN COLOR



COVER: *Golf bags at the Masters*

Photograph by MARK KAUFFMAN

Wherever you see a rack of Brobdingnagian golf bags, you can be sure that a tournament of some stature is going on. Since the top pros and amateurs rarely if ever have to lug their own armaments, the tournament-sized bag has gradually swollen into a bulbous trunk with compartments for an umbrella, rain clothes, sweaters and several changes of headgear.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS:

45 **Boys and Girls on Mt. Rainier.** Four pages IN COLOR *by* BOB AND IRA SPRING
49 **Armored Warrior of the South.** How to stalk the gar, *by* HART STILWELL
82 **The Fisherman's Calendar.** Compiled by ED ZERN

THE COLUMNISTS:

44 **John Durant** offers comfort for hunters who *pack their own gear*
59 **John Bentley** sees Jim Kimberly clinch the U.S. sports car racing championship
63 **Budd Schulberg** recounts the saga of Archie the Tumbleweed
68 **Red Smith** speaks regretfully of Branch Rickey's impending retirement
75 **Bill Talbert** says Kramer's kids may recover the Davis Cup for the U.S.
76 **Column of the Week:** Some thoughts on horse psychology by Ray Terrell

THE DEPARTMENTS:

2 **Hot Box. Jimmy Jemail** asks: Should gambling be legalized—or not?
4 **Pat on the Back:** Praise for those not already smothered with it
53 **Health:** There's something in the air and most of it is ragweed
55 **You Should Know** If you are going to take up bird watching
83 **Sporting Look:** Walking shorts are going west IN COLOR
86 **Yesterday:** John L. vs. Jake for 75 bare-fisted rounds
88 **Last Laugh:** The cartoonists have their inning

Acknowledgments on page 78

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IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

HOW AN AMERICAN HELPED BANNISTER WIN THE MILE

Until a U.S. doctor gave him expert advice, Britain's champion was a good but not great runner. This is the story behind the victory in the race at Vancouver.

BASEBALL UNDER THE LIGHTS
Red Smith describes it in words; Mark Kauffman in photographs IN COLOR

THE TRUTH ABOUT SPIN-FISHING
Is it good or bad? Bryan Collier and Bache Brown present their conclusions

PREVIEW: TENNIS AT FOREST HILLS
The national championships as they look to John Tunis, Bill Talbert and Sarah Palfrey

EVERYBODY GETS INTO THE ACT: AN 8-PAGE SPECIAL SECTION OF LETTERS FROM OUR FIRST READERS

AUGUST 23, 1954
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK

THE $75,000 NOD

It was the most expensive gesture last week at Saratoga where horse fanciers bought $2 million in futures at odds longer than roulette's

by JOE ESTES and WHITNEY TOWER

SARATOGA SPRINGS, N.Y.

A HANDSOME bay yearling colt—known for the moment merely as Hip No. 284—stood in the center of Saratoga's auction ring. Around him the spectators strained forward in their seats for a better look. Voices were raised beyond the customary pitch of the polite whisper, knowing eyes shot excited glances around the pavilion.

"This colt, ladies and gentlemen," announced Humphrey Finney, president of the auctions, "should need no introduction. Hip No. 284 is a half brother to Tulyar. He is by Tudor Minstrel out of Neocracy. I don't have to remind you that I think he's one of the grandest colts we've ever been privileged to offer."

Introduction over, Businessman Finney made sure that his glasses were sitting, as usual, as far down as his nose will allow, and turned the meeting over to the man on his right—hefty Auctioneer George Swinebroad, who delights in his work. Swinebroad looked down at Hip No. 284 from his perch in the auction box. Directly behind the colt he could see the man who had flown the colt from Ireland to Saratoga to be sold—Prince Aly Khan. Everywhere else he looked he could see nothing but faces staring—first at him, then at the colt, then back at him. One of these faces belonged to a deeply sun-tanned lady with nearly white hair. She sat in the third row, left section, and was studying her catalogue.

Swinebroad's deep Kentucky voice rang out across the pavilion. "Who'll give $10,000 for this colt?" Within a minute, Swinebroad had raised the bidding, by $10,000 jumps, to $60,000.

Swinebroad had swept the bidding to one of the highest points in auction history. With only the barest pause, he asked for $70,000. Big Jim Ryan, trainer for Mrs. John R. H. Thouron of Wilmington, Del., signaled that he would go to $65,000.

There was electricity in the air now. Swinebroad knew it, and so did everybody else as Saratoga's 34th annual yearling sales rolled through its final, record-breaking night. For another minute Swinebroad searched devoutly for a higher bid. As the auctioneer rattled away, intent on his work, Humphrey Finney caught the eye of the sun-tanned, white-haired lady in the third row. Without uttering a sound he formed a two-word question with his lips: "S-e-v-e-n-t-y f-i-v-e?"

The lady gave a faint nod. Instantly, Finney bellowed out: "$75,000!" Swinebroad, getting set for the important last pitch, squirmed on his stool. The pitch was made to Jim Ryan, but Jim stood pat. As he gave a last imploring look around, Swinebroad heard one other noise. It was Hip No. 284, letting go with a long whinny.

The whinny broke the tension. For-



$75,000 COLT IS A HALF BROTHER TO



BUYER Eleonora Sears stared at colt in the ring, then made meeting's top bid of $75,000. Still an athlete at 72, she is making her debut in flat racing.

TULYAR, UNBEATEN AS A THREE-YEAR-OLD IN ENGLAND AND SOLD BY AGA KHAN FOR $700,000 TO IRISH NATIONAL STUD

mally, Auctioneer Swinebroad addressed the colt: "Shut up, you. I'm doing all I can for you." Then the hammer came down. The new owner, at $75,000, was Miss Eleonora R. Sears, of Prides Crossing, Mass. She had paid the highest price of the sale, second highest in U.S. yearling history.

THE GENUS SPORTSWOMAN

At the age of 72, Eleonora Sears is a lively example of the genus sportswoman. She flew in an airplane as early as 1910, took a fling at ice hockey, baseball and football (fullback on her own team), once averaged a three-mile swim a day at Newport, won numerous national doubles titles in tennis and was three times runner-up for the national singles title. She has walked the 74 miles from Newport to Boston in 16 hours and 50 minutes, wearing out several young male pacemakers in the process and as recently as last year she played in the national squash championships, an event which she first won in 1928. She has also schooled a couple of generations of young Harvards in the



SELLER Prince Aly Khan sat next to Mrs. E. Cooper Person in front row during auction. Aly was the agent for his father, the Aga Khan, who flew colts here.



FOUR PLANE LOADS of horses debarked at New York International Airport after long trip from Ireland. Consigned to Saratoga by the Aga Khan, the yearlings finished the trip to the spa in horse vans.

art of enjoying a good party in her Boston town house.

But, for all of her athletic loves and talents, Eleo Sears is primarily a horsewoman. She has ridden for years with the Myopia Hunt (Hamilton, Mass.), owned hunters and steeplechasers which have played important roles in the Madison Square Garden show. Now, as a septuagenarian, she is happily entering a new field with Hip No. 284: flat racing. Of her new baby, she said: "I hope he can run, but I don't know yet."

In her fond hope that her yearling can run, Horse Owner Sears is in the same position as all the other buyers who this year, in two major auctions, have spent a total of $5,576,500 for 616 thoroughbred yearlings—or an average of $9,053 per purchase. At Saratoga, Humphrey Finney's Fasig-Tipton Company disposed of 272 yearlings at an average price of $7,931 and a total outlay of $2,157,200. At the Keeneland (Lexington, Ky.) sales pavilion in July, the co-operative Breeders' Sales Company sold 344 yearlings for an all-time record of $3,419,300, which averages out to $9,940. The Saratoga average was down slightly from last year ($8,350), but more yearlings were sold, and one conclusion that can be made from the figures comes from the men whose business it is to sell the yearlings and from the men who bring them to the sales ring to be sold.

A BARGAIN—OR REAL CLASS

Said happy Humphrey Finney, after closing up his shop Saturday night: "A most selective market." Wing Commander Timothy A. Vigors of the RAF, a veteran of the Battle of Britain, summed it up in a neat package, "There didn't appear to be any middle market in America this year. Your people want a $500 bargain or they'll shoot for real class at $30,000 or more. If you've got the top article to sell, you'll do all right. Otherwise you won't." Vigors brought over from Ireland one article, which apparently was just such a top number; his son of Royal Charger was knocked down to Harry Guggenheim's Cain Hoy Stable for $35,000—exactly what Vigors predicted he would bring.

The $75,000 paid for Hip No. 284 by Miss Sears equaled a Saratoga record established in 1928, when C.V.B. Cushman, bidding for a syndicate, paid that amount for a colt later named New Broom (which earned only $275 in its racing career). The highest U.S. yearling auction price on record is the $86,000 paid this July by F. J. Adams, Houston oil man, for a colt by Nasrullah out of a stakes-winning daughter of Alibhai named Lurline B. New Owner Adams, like New Owner Sears, was entering flat racing for the first time. There was one difference: Adams said, "I don't know much about horses."

For both Adams and Sears, however, along with the hundreds of other people who attend yearling sales, a knowledge of horses may turn out to be immaterial in the long run. Connoisseurs are a dime a dozen in the horse-trading business, and rarely will two of them agree on any point in the sport's greatest guessing game, namely, predicting from a pedigree chart and personal observation which yearling will eventually run faster than the next. For the odds in picking yearlings are higher than in roulette, and the 1954 wheel will only start spinning when this crop of yearlings go postward as two-year-olds in 1955. Nonetheless, the fascination of thoroughbred racing, long strong in the U.S. and growing stronger every year, brought some 2,000 or more interested parties into Saratoga Springs last week to buy, bid or just to watch with compulsive fascination.

For all of them it was a lively week, for Saratoga is not all business. The auction meeting goes with dinner parties, late dancing at the Saratoga Golf Club, breakfast on the clubhouse terrace to watch early-morning training rides. The pace was dizzy, but there were no complaints, except possibly from a few local inhabitants, who, long accustomed to settling down early in the evenings, were subjected all week to the noise of party-goers stumbling

TOPS AT SARATOGA

YEARLING	BUYER	PRICE
AGA KHAN'S bay colt by Tudor Minstrel—Neocracy	E. R. Sears	$75,000
AGA KHAN'S bay colt by Royal Charger—Clovelly	Syndicate	43,000
GLENANGUS' brown colt by Eight Thirty—Copper Hill	Arthur Godfrey	40,000
MRS. JOHN A. BELL III's bay colt by Discovery—Stellar Role	F.Ambrose Clark	40,000
T. A. VIGORS' (agt.) bay colt by Royal Charger—Lovely Lass	Cain Hoy Stable	35,000
ALMAHURST'S chestnut colt by Heliopolis—Stage Sister	Mrs. Anson Bigelow	35,000

TOPS AT KEENELAND

YEARLING	BUYER	PRICE
WALNUT SPRINGS' chestnut colt by Nasrullah—Lurline B.	F.J.Adams syndicate	$86,000
LESLIE COMBS II'S chestnut colt by Alibhai—Boudoir II	Mrs. John McMahan	60,000
CROWN CREST'S chestnut colt by Royal Charger—Bray Melody	R. D. Coon	53,000
HARRY B. SCOTT JR.'S chestnut colt by Citation—Boat	Arnold Hanger syndicate	50,000
STONER CREEK'S bay colt by Count Fleet—Ellie S.	Claude Hudspeth	46,000
EDWIN K. THOMAS' bay filly by Nasrullah—China Face	Pin Oak Farm	44,000



AUCTION PRESIDENT FINNEY ANNOUNCES COLT, ASKS FOR A $5,000 RAISE





AUCTIONEER SWINEBROAD GETS ROLLING

in at 4 a.m. and shouting their goodnights to one another across the elm-dotted streets.

The 1954 yearling sales were not dominated by any one group or groups of buyers. The money came rolling in from all points, from rich men and women and from the not-so-rich, who could only afford to shell out a few hundred.

At Keeneland the market was controlled largely by western buyers. One of them, Mrs. John McMahan of Hidden Valley, Calif., paid $60,000 for a brother of Your Host. She too is on her first racing venture. Another Californian, R. D. Coon, president of the Joshua National Bank in Twentynine Palms, Calif., forked over $53,500 for a brother to the top-class English filly Happy Laughter.

THE AGA'S AIRBORNE 23

At Saratoga the trend was somewhat reversed and, as usual, the Eastern buyers were the big bidders. After Hip No. 284, the best price was the $43,000 paid by a four-man New Jersey syndicate: Joseph M. Roebling, James Cox Brady, Townsend B. Martin, Anderson Fowler) for another of the Aga Khan's consignment, and among the top Saratoga bidders were F. Ambrose Clark, Harry Guggenheim, Mrs. Anson Bigelow and Mrs. Elizabeth N. Graham. Elizabeth Arden, who owns Maine Chance Farm.

Newcomers to the sport, such as Arthur Godfrey, whose two-year-old Lord Willin' has had lots of publicity but little success this season, were much in evidence at Saratoga. Not all of them were buyers like Godfrey (who paid $40,000 for a yearling) either. Sitting humped studiously over his catalogue one night, nonhorseman Jack Dempsey looked at a spirited bidding session and exclaimed, "It's a hell of an education for anyone, this sales stuff!"

What undoubtedly made the Saratoga sale of 1954 more interesting than any other in a long time was the lot of 23 yearlings from the Aga Khan's Irish and French studs flown to this country (the largest equine airlift of all time) late in July. Finney, in announcing the closing night's sale of this lot, told his audience, "I doubt whether a better group of young horses has ever been sold." Then he cleared up another point. "No one is more aware that the horses sold by the Aga Khan do not win races than his son, Prince Aly Khan. However, I submit for your consideration, where would American racing have been without the horses sold by the Aga Khan — Mahmoud, Bahram, Blenheim II, Alibhai, Nasrullah, Noor, Khaled and the many others?" Two hours later the 23 yearlings sent by the Aga Khan and under the bloodshot eyes of his son Prince Aly at Saratoga, had brought $361,700—an average of $15,726 each. The Aga Khan has indeed set the fashion for American thoroughbred breeding in recent years.

Nasrullah, bred by the Aga and brought to Kentucky's Claiborne Farm in 1951, has sired the year's best two-year-old fillies, Lea Lane and Delta, and in England his three-year-old son, Robert Sterling Clark's Never Say Die, won the Derby. In the 1954 sales it was a son of Nasrullah that brought the record $86,000 at Keeneland, and a daughter sold for $44,000, the year's highest price among the fillies. The trend in both auctions was to spend the most money for the yearlings of the most fashionable sires, and, after Nasrullah, most in demand were the get of Royal Charger, Alibhai, Heliopolis, Noor and Mahmoud. The biggest bids for offspring of American-bred leaders were for yearlings by Citation, Count Fleet, War Admiral, Eight Thirty, Roman and Discovery.

When it was all over, the high-price horses and the low-price horses went home with their new owners. In general, the owners who had paid least had the most comfortable reflections. Man o' War went through the Saratoga ring for $5,000, and earned $250,000. His son, Broadway Limited, sold for $65,000, never finished better than fourth and fell dead trying to win a measly $900 purse at Lincoln Fields.



"MISTER, HE'S A STEAL AT THAT PRICE"



"LOOK NOW THIS IS THE LAST CHANCE"



"EVERYTHING OUT OF HER DAM FLIES"

MORE ABOUT SARATOGA ON PAGES 65-67

SOUNDTRACK

OLD MAN IN A HARD STRAW

"DOES 'E BUTT?" . . . NEW PECKING ORDER IN K.C.

Private signal

IT WAS exactly the situation in which rival managers for half a dozen years have been ordering Brooklyn's Roy Campanella purposely put on base: the winning runs were on second and third, with first base empty. Moreover, after Campanella in the batting order came the pitcher. But at 32, and with an injured left hand, Campanella was hitting only .199, was no longer the Most Valuable Player in the National League. From Leo Durocher, Giants manager, came the signal: don't walk him—pitch to him.

A proud man, Dodger Campanella ground his spikes into the batter's box, sent a private signal of his own and faced the pitcher. Then he hit a rippler into center field, a hit that scored two runs and beat Leo Durocher.

As Roy Campanella crossed first, the Dodger coach heard him finish his private signal. "Thank you, Heavenly Father," said Roy Campanella.

Mr. Mack

THE NEW YORK YANKEES held another of those "old-timer" affairs at the Yankee Stadium last Saturday, this one a Hall of Fame party and something rather special. The 50,000 spectators included a good many young boys who must have come at the insistence of fathers and uncles who did not want them to miss this chance to see some "real ballplayers."

They saw them. They saw Lefty Grove and Carl Hubbell, two decades past their prime but still poised and graceful on the mound. They saw Charlie Gehringer, 51 and out of baseball for 12 years, slither to his left for a ground ball and field it with an ease and simplicity that was almost unbelievable. They saw dour Bill Terry, now 55 and genial, lift a home run into the right field stands and grin as he ran slowly around the bases. They saw Joe DiMaggio clout one high and far into the crowd for a home run. They saw some "real ballplayers."

But in the Yankee dugout, where the old-time players gathered before the game, there was another star. In the dugout he was the only star. His name was Mack.

Connie Mack is very old now—91—and as fragile and delicate as a cloisonné vase. He sees and he hears, but sometimes not so quickly as he did years ago when the Philadelphia Athletics were a baseball team and he managed them to nine pennants and five world championships.

He came into the dugout long after the rest of the old-timers and sat down alone on the dugout bench, his hard straw hat in his lap. The old-timers were posing for pictures along the front of the dugout, their big meaty backs to the old man. He sat all alone, very old and all alone.

Then the old ballplayers began to notice him and one by one they came over to greet him. He would put out his shrunken arm to shake hands, and peer inquiringly into each face. And the old stars, accustomed to being recognized and hailed by name, shook hands and gently introduced themselves.

"Rogers Hornsby, Mr. Mack. It's good to see you again."

"Joe DiMaggio, Mr. Mack. It's good to see you."

"Paul Waner, Mr. Mack."

"Bill Dickey, Mr. Mack."

"Frank Frisch, Mr. Mack. How are you, sir?"

Al Simmons, big and heavy and gray, and not well enough to play in the game, shook hands.

"It's Al Simmons, Mr. Mack," he said. "Gee, it's good to see you again, Mr. Mack."

When Mack was introduced on the public address system, Al Simmons took his arm and helped him as he walked out into the bright sunlight. Halfway to home plate Mack stopped, turned to the crowd and waved his hard straw hat, holding it high.

He sat in the dugout during the game, talking to old Cy Young and to Casey Stengel. When white-haired Lefty Grove came into the dugout after the first inning he crooked his left arm at Mack and said, "Give me a rubdown, Connie." And the two old men, Mack and Young, delightedly kneaded Grove's arm for a moment or two.

Before the old-timers' game was over Mack's chauffeur came for him. Al Simmons helped the old man to his feet and



said goodbye. "It certainly was good to see you again, Mr. Mack," he said.

Mack nodded and said goodbye. The chauffeur began to lead him along the dugout floor toward the steps, but Mack paused to shake hands with two or three players sitting on the bench. Joe DiMaggio saw Mack approaching and sat up straight. He took off his cap before he shook hands with the old man.

"Goodbye, Mr. Mack," he said.

He did not put his cap back on until the old man had gone.

MAINE CHANTEY

How do we learn
On Penobscot Bay
The New York Yacht Club's
Cruising our way?
Whiskies and gins,
The gourmet's pride,
Come bobbling in
On the rising tide—
Seldom the brands
We find on shore,
Offered at Bangor's
Liquor store;
Empties tossed
By white-coated stewards,
Empties lost
As they bobble to leeward,
Spreading the news
Around the bay,
The New York Yacht Club's
Passed our way;
Written in glass
Where sandpeeps skitter,
High up the beach
In the tide-rack's litter.

—*Francis W. Hatch* in the Atlantic Monthly

John Landy's left foot

IF AUSTRALIA'S world record miler, John Michael Landy, did not have a habit of wandering around in his bare feet (a great deal of his training is done on grass without shoes) he would very probably never have gotten his highly publicized gash in the left instep before losing the "mile of the century" to England's Roger Bannister. And if he were not an extremely polite as well as an extremely sportsmanlike young man, the world would never have known about it.

Landy, unable to sleep two nights before the race, got out of bed, wandered out into the dark of Vancouver's athletes' village in his pajamas and stepped on a discarded photographer's flash bulb. He went twice to Dr. J. M. Middleston of the University of British Columbia—once to have the cut bandaged and again a few hours before the race to have four stitches taken in it. Both times he swore the doctor to secrecy.

But the injury forced him to break a prerace date to pose for an official Em-

pire games motion-picture cameraman. "I'll tell you why," he said apologetically to Andy O'Brien, a film commentator who is also a Montreal sports reporter, "if you'll promise never to tell a soul." Whereupon he pulled back the covers of a cot on which he was resting and showed O'Brien his bandaged foot.

Just before the race Landy also told two others—Roger Bannister and Canada's Miler Rich Ferguson—but only to assure them that, no matter what might be said, the cut would make no difference in his running. After the race he flatly denied rumors (begun by other runners who had seen the bandage) that he had been hurt, and took to scuttling around the athletes' village with a coat over his head to avoid photographers. It was only after Reporter O'Brien broke the story that Landy reluctantly admitted its truth. "I kept quiet because I didn't want people to think I was crying about the result," he said. "It didn't interfere with my running at all. I could not have run any faster without it and I didn't feel any pain from it."

Landy, quite obviously, was speaking the simple truth. A cut on the ball or heel of the foot might well have bothered him immensely, but no matter how stoic, men do not finish as strongly as he nor run 3:59.4 miles when suffering a disabling injury.

Mitts across the sea

WHEN HE INVADED the United States last summer for his first fight with Harry Matthews of Seattle, England's overstuffed Heavyweight Don Cockell (pronounced as in cockles and muscles) bore himself with the surly and suspicious air of a bull being eased into a packing house. He seemed to be on the point of clapping a protective hand to his watch pocket whenever he got near Matthews' wily, professorial old manager, Jack Hurley (who also promoted the fight) and agreed wholly with his own manager, waspish John Simpson, that the International Boxing Club was "a bunch of bloody gangsters." He was equally wary of the U.S. citizenry in general. "I was told that Americans would job me."

But before he returned to England from Seattle last week after his third fight and third victory over Matthews, the round-faced English pugilist confessed to a complete change of heart. A good deal of Cockell's new attitude could be attributed to a year of persistent wooing by Promoter-Manager Hurley—who has introduced him to the Yankee dollar (Cockell took $22,000 home) and has praised him to the skies both in England and the U.S., thus building big gates for his own aging tiger and in the same agile motion, if rumor is to be believed, attempting to take over the management of Cockell's U.S. affairs.

The Englishman, an unabashed product of London's slums, who spent seven years as an apprentice to a Battersea blacksmith, was the soul of amiability as he headed for home. Sitting with a cold bottle of beer in a fashionable Seattle cocktail lounge, he regarded those around him with a sort of elephantine fondness. "If I ever thought of moving," he said, "I'd like to live 'ere." He leaned forward intently when a U.S. admirer stopped by to tell him a story about a referee who raised a fighter's hand, was greeted with a blast of boos—and with lightning inspiration announced, "This guy *loses*." Cockell's pneumatic torso shook with uncontrolled laughter for a full minute. "Best boxing story I ever 'eard," he said.

He confessed, with the air of a man baring a shocking flaw, to an interest

93-POUND INFIELDER AT HOME

To All Joe Nolan Cubs: August 5th

We can win the city championship. Only two teams still stand in our way. But—are we good enough? Is our pitching good enough? Will they walk eight or 10 boys? Will they get ahead of the batter and stay ahead? Are the tunnels in the infield stopped up? Has it finally learned to get those gloves on the ground? Has Meaney learned to get to 2nd ahead of the peg? Will Blake still try to tag on a force-out? Has he learned on a steal-home to break on the wind-up and not the delivery? Will Schmelzinger stride before he swings?

HARD-HITTING COMMUNIQUES like the one above have been arriving regularly at millions of American homes all summer. They are addressed to jillions of boys, ranging in age from 9 to 20, who are playing league baseball up and down the country. They are also addressed, by inference, to their proud and astounded parents, and have caused a revolution in U.S. home life; small boys who normally rate low on the family pecking order during the summer doldrums have blossomed by the tens of thousands into junior-grade Mickey Mantles, and millions of families have been drastically reorganized (or disorganized) to keep them fit and ready for the rigors of the ball field.

The message above was delivered to James G ("Buddy") Blake, the 11-year-old, 93-pound third baseman of Kansas City's Joe Nolan Cubs (named for a city councilman) and one of 85 teams playing the "3 and 2" league in that previously peaceful Missouri metropolis. Reading it over his breakfast, Third Baseman Blake passed it to his parents with the terse comment: "We've got that coming."

Buddy, with all his teammates, has long since learned to take a dressing down from Coach Frank Pexton, a former backfield man from the University of Colorado; to pound his glove and tighten his lips at the flatteringly professional accusation: "Blake, you're one of the worst!" His parents, finding themselves the co-owners, as it were, of a small-gauge stoic, have long since found themselves gulping, nodding and hoping their baseball lingo betrayed no nonprofessional flaws.

After contemplating the latest mimeographed message, Blake felt called upon to make several swift decisions—since this was the day, last week, when the Cubs were scheduled to meet the Benson Yankees for the division Midget B title. First of all Blake ruled against his sister Martha, 9, attending the game because of her deplorable habit of applauding foul balls. He thought that perhaps his sister Betsy, 15, should stay home too, because he has discovered himself tightening up in an effort to impress her in earlier games. Betsy agreed. Blake decided that his parents could attend because they had shown admirable restraint all season.

One big question remained for Third Baseman Blake: What to do about his lawn-mowing business in the neighborhood? The rains had been heavy and the grass was getting high. Blake Sr. offered to call the customers and explain that the grass-cutting would have to wait until after the big game with the Yankees.

The game was to be played at night, and before leaving for the park in the late afternoon Third Baseman Blake took his customary pregame snack: a peanut butter sandwich and a glass of milk. He felt relaxed and confident and was a steadying influence on his jittery parents.

There was no stopping the Cubs. With Schmelzinger, Meaney, Blake and the others making none of the mistakes Coach Pexton had warned against, they took the Benson Yankees 4 to 1 and swaggered off the field as league champions of the Midget B's. Blake went hitless, but he let nothing get by him at third base.

Next day, as Blake mowed his lawns, he reflected that it had been a good season. As mementos of it, he had his All-Star team shoulder patch and soon (along with all of the Joe Nolan Cubs) will get an individual trophy and a leather jacket. And in Blake's case, something more: $4.75 for mowing lawns.

The Blake family is looking forward to a breather, but not for long. Buddy Blake also plays football.

in psychology. He added stoutly: " 'ad a friend once, it 'elped 'im solve a problem." He talked almost wistfully about his 65-acre farm near Basingstoke, where pigs and Jerseys yield a peaceful profit on an investment of $45,000. "I could have invested for a bigger return, y'know," he said. "But it's not the return. You buy the life. It's a good way to live, the farm."

Then suddenly, face impassive, he moved on to a new bit of business he hopes to transact in the U.S.

"Does 'e butt?" he asked.

"Butt? Who?"

"Marciano."

"Sometimes," somebody said.

Cockell grunted. "I'll butt 'im right out of the ring."

" 'e's a clumsy one, Marciano," he went on. "And that's the danger of 'im. Chaps get overconfident, as I see it. They get in there and see how clumsy and easy to 'it 'e is. They forget and start slugging 'im and they play right into 'is 'ands. When I box 'im it'll be a test of my strength and my boxing. [He almost, but not quite, pronounced it bawxing.] I must 'it 'im 'ard enough to keep 'im off me. But I've got to take 'is punch myself. Which one of us stands up, 'e wins."

Said his manager, John Simpson: "Cockell can lick any man in the world. It's Marciano we want."

Last week, despite the clamorous candidacies of Light-Heavyweight Champion Archie Moore and Cuban Heavyweight Nino Valdes, there seemed to be a very good chance that Don Cockell will be the man next pitted against the Brockton Blockbuster (provided, of course, that Ezzard Charles is not champion after Sept. 15). "I'll move heaven and earth," cried the I.B.C.'s foreign representative, Lew Burston, "to get them the opportunity. It would be great in New York. But think how it would be for London. They'd come from every corner of the Empire." He paused and then added, flatly. "It would make one world."

Men!

OWNER-TRAINER Keith Piggott ground his teeth into a veritable paste last week as he watched the seven-furlong Bruton Handicap at Salisbury, England. His 4-year-old mare Minstrel Girl used the race to display a maddening female obstinacy, and despite Piggott's high hopes airily ambled home last in a field of nine. But Piggott refused to be put off. He walked to the stable, fixed her with a terrible eye, and an hour and a half later sent her to the post in another race to try again. Minstrel Girl was impressed; she came on with a late rush, finished second by three-quarters of a length and earned $168 toward the feed bill. Not, however, without tossing her head indignantly as she was being unsaddled.

$50,000 for 72 holes

GEORGE STORR MAY, the business engineer who has made golf his business, had ballyhooed it for months: this year the contestants in the annual tournament which May calls the World's Championship — the climax event of the two-week golf circus at May's Tam O'Shanter club—would be shooting for the largest prize money in the history of golf. The winner, for example, would be just about set for life: a flat $50,000 for first place, plus $50,000 for 50 exhibitions at $1,000 a throw, plus possibly another $50,000 for additional exhibitions. It was enough to attract all of the top golfers except Ben Hogan and Bobby Locke, who are business engineers in their own right and had held out for "appearance money."

Last Sunday upwards of 40,000 spectators, the largest crowd ever to attend a golf tournament, swarmed over the Tam O'Shanter course to watch the beleaguered leaders sweat out the final 18 holes. One by one, the three front-runners—Earl Stewart Jr., Bob Toski and Jackie Burke—succumbed to the pressure. Burke drove out-of-bounds on the 69th. Stewart double-bogeyed the short 70th. Toski had sagged much earlier on his round. On the 6th hole, the 60th of the tournament, he had gone three over par with a 7. He had fought back only to collapse again with four consecutive bogeys. Just when his crack-up seemed complete, Toski rallied with great nerve. He eagled the 515-yard 69th, parred the 70th and 71st, and on the home green rolled in a birdie for a four-round total of 274, a stroke less than Stewart's and Burke's.

Usually the star of the Tam O'Shanter is "Gorgeous George S." May himself, changing sport shirts every hour, betting with the players, whooping it up generally. This year, slowed down by diabetes, May spent his nights in the Evanston Hospital, was caddied to the club each noon in his air-conditioned Cadillac. May, in fact, was so subdued that he changed sport shirts only once on the final day.

SPECTACLE

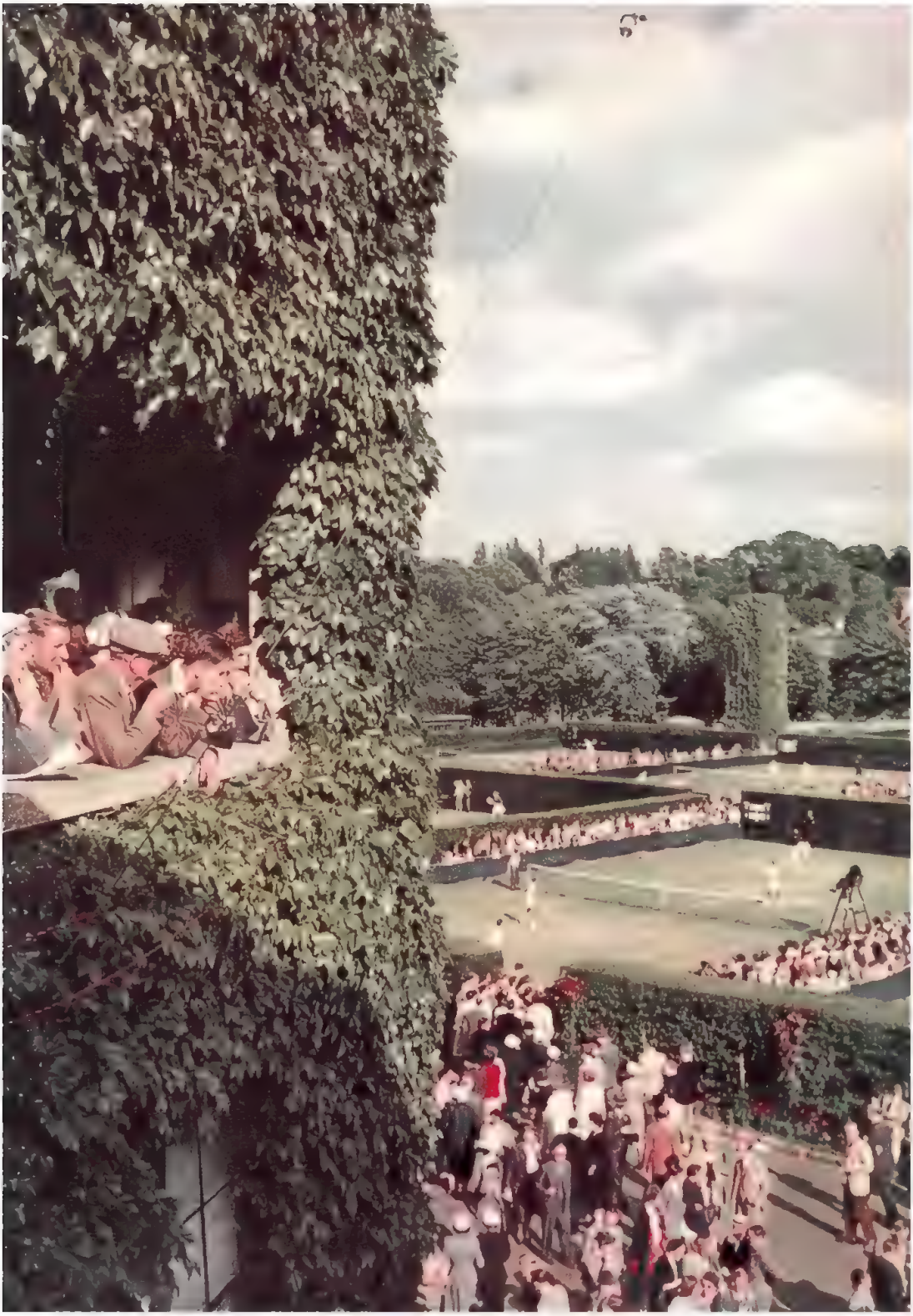
WIMBLEDON'S SACRED LAWNS

The faithful pause on an ivy-clad balcony to look down on the decorous garden shrine of world tennis

In the world of tennis two names stand out: Forest Hills, where the U.S. Lawn Tennis Championships begin next week, and Wimbledon, where the All-England Lawn Tennis Championships ended last month. Of the two Wimbledon unquestionably springs largest in the hearts of serious tennis players. On its incomparable lawn courts the great players of the past and present—René Lacoste, Bill Tilden, Don Budge, Helen Wills Moody, Alice Marble, Fred Perry, Frank Sedgman, Jack Kramer and Maureen Connolly—have scurried for the championship. And in establishing themselves, they have helped establish the All-England Croquet and Lawn Tennis Club, as the Wimbledon courts are known, into an international tennis shrine.

Wimbledon has grown enormously since croquet was last played. Currently there are 14 beautifully conditioned courts, all of which are used during the annual tournament. And there is also the famed Center Court where the finals are held. Along the ivy-covered outside wall of its 13,000-seat amphitheatre, crowds wait in line for hours to pause briefly at the balcony rail after they file in, where they can look over the lesser courts and the thousands of leisurely spectators promenading along spacious walkways which cut through the hedge-bordered grounds. Despite Wimbledon's tremendous growth, its ranking position in the tennis world, and its huge crowds (270,000 attended this year's championships), few things give the club more pride than the atmosphere which surrounds the tournament—the atmosphere of an enormous garden party rather than that of one of the world's greatest sports events.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JERRY COOKE



SPECTACLE

continued



ORDINARY TENNIS FANS have royal look in balcony draped with colors of Lawn Tennis Association, sometimes persuading tourists they are gandering at royalty itself.



MORE THAN 13,000 CROWD CENTER COURT SEATS—HARDER TO GET THAN

COCKTAIL PARTY *(below)* for competitors and guests, among them Laborite Clement Attlee (light suit, *center foreground*), is held yearly during tournaments, includes official champagne toasts and light music by band of Royal Marines.



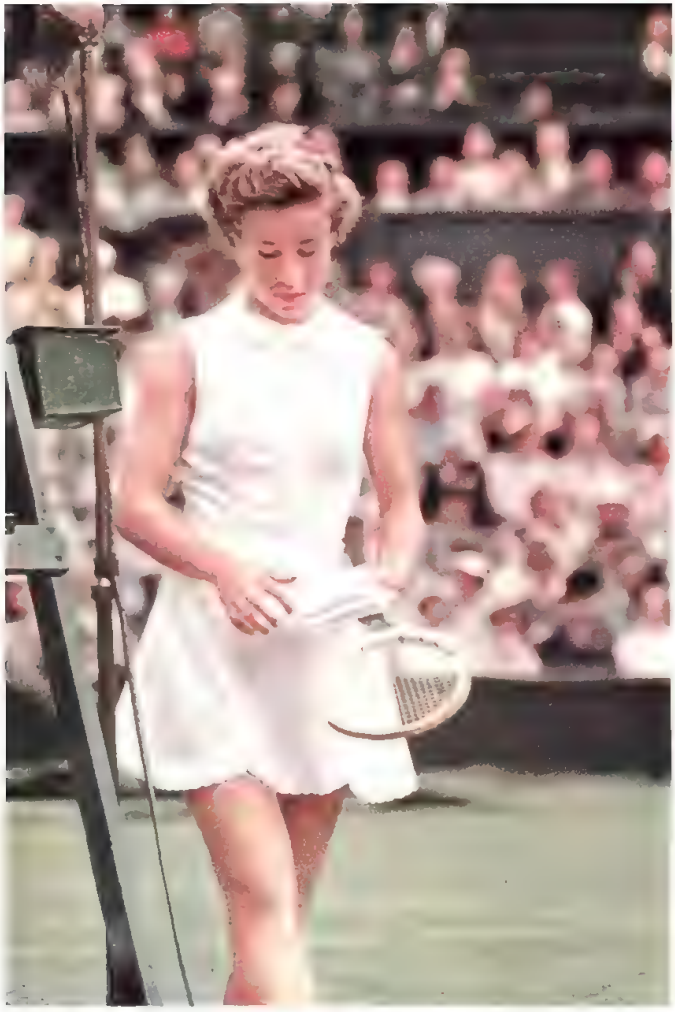
WORLD SERIES TICKETS—AS AUSTRALIANS HOAD AND ROSEWALL (*BACKGROUND*) PLAY BELGIANS BRICHANT AND WASHER



TEA AND TALK are brisk during intervals on public lawn, where season's fashions often are paraded.



CONCESSIONAIRES rented thousands of cushions, offered paper sun hats for first time this year and sold many despite cloudy weather.



Wimbledon saw San Diego's 19-year-old Maureen Connolly at her amazing best, three weeks before she suffered a broken right leg while riding her horse, Colonel Merryboy, which was the gift of proud fellow Californians.



UNPAID UMPIRE, a volunteer, perches above shadows of crowd to judge play.



SERIOUS GALLERY, noted as one of most decorous audiences in world, stoically watches Maureen against Joan Scott. "Little Mo" holds all world's major women's tennis crowns, occupies historic Wimbledon dressing room labeled: "The Lady Champion."

THE BIG SURPRISE



HAM RICHARDSON *(left)* had to overcome his own condition as well as lean, stubborn Straight Clark before he could win their four-hour final in the 73rd Newport Invitation tennis tournament. The night before the climactic match, the 21-year-old Intercollegiate champion—a diabetic—suffered an insulin reaction. During the 83-game match, he was haunted by cramps and fatigue, had to fight off match point five different times before he finally put over an unanswerable serve at 40-15 of the final game.

Despite the fact that both finalists were Americans, the outlook for U.S. tennis in the upcoming Nationals at Forest Hills remained bleak. U.S. champion Tony Trabert had to pass up Newport to have inflamed callouses removed from his racket hand. His Cup partner Vic Seixas entered, but was knocked out on the second day. There was some consolation in the early-round upsets of Aussie stars Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall, but at least one seasoned grass-court player was quick to point out the Australian habit of laziness in warmup tournaments. Least heartening of all was the Newport doubles final, in which Hoad and Rosewall lost 6-3, 6-4, 9-7 to two promising youngsters, Neale Fraser and Rex Hartwig —both Australians.

THE BIG MONEY GOLFER

BOB TOSKI, who can't tolerate a hat but suffers from migraine when he plays golf bareheaded, and Earl Stewart Jr., who suffers loneliness when he plays without his 7-year-old son Chip, protected themselves well during last week's Tam O'Shanter "World" tournament. Toski had an umbrella, and Stewart had Chip. The system worked fine for three rounds as 27-year-old Toski of Livingston, N.J., smallest pro golfer in the U.S., and 32-year-old Stewart from Dallas, swapped the lead. But on the final round something happened. Toski shot 3-over-par 7 on the sixth hole. Stewart dubbed in a 2-over-par 5 on the 16th. But Toski came in ahead by a single stroke over Earl Stewart, who followed along with his tiring son. Toski's prize, biggest ever offered in golf: $50,000 in cash and $100,000 worth of exhibition contracts. Grabbing his check from Promoter George S. May, Toski reflected: "I needed that umbrella."



CHAMPION, HIS PRIZE, AND PROMOTER



TIRED SON, UNLUCKY FATHER



FIRST LADIES of baseball's Hall of Fame gathered at Yankee Stadium Old Timers exhibition, a few to see their husbands play again, others to relive the old memories alone. Among them were (*left to right*) Mrs. John McGraw, Mrs. Babe Ruth, Mrs. Lou Gehrig, Mrs. Joe McCarthy, Mrs. Fred C. Clarke and Mrs. Bill Terry, who watched her 55-year-old husband hit one of the two home runs scored during two-inning game staged by Hall of Famers. Notable for her absence from the wives' bench was Marilyn Monroe, wife of Old Timer Joe DiMaggio, who hit the only other home run of the game.



WILLIE MAYS leaped fantastically high to catch a Duke Snider drive near the Ebbets Field wall during last of three-game Giants-Dodgers series. But his effort alone could not stave off Brooklyn's clean sweep which left New York only one-half game ahead in National League.



DUKE SNIDER, working mightily like his Giants' counterpart Willie Mays (*left*), scrambled against centerfield wall in vain try to snag a long fly by Alvin Dark. Dodgers swept series 3-2, 6-5, 9-4.



STOCKY PATTY BERG looked unhappily incredulous when a dead-straight 15-foot putt failed to drop during Tam O'Shanter play. But professional Berg recovered quickly, won $5,000 championship



THE HEARTBREAK (ACT II): Home to England from Vancouver last week flew Dr. Roger Bannister, hero of the "mile of the century" SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Aug. 16), and James Peters, victim of the most heartbreaking marathon finish in modern track history. Scholarly Intern Bannister diagnosed Peters' collapse after a 26-mile run as salt deficiency. Peters, still pale and weak, was less interested in explanations than regrets. "I wouldn't have cared if I had died if I had won the race for England," he said. "Jim doesn't mean that," chided Bannister. "Yes I do," said Peters. "Other chaps have done more for England in the war and all."



LEO DUROCHER, who buttoned his lip this year SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Aug. 16), unbuttoned before Umpire Gore during series' second game and was ejected



OPEN-ARMED JOY was the response from Fortune Gordien's wife when he threw the discus 197 ft. 2 in. Gordien thought he had beaten his own world's record with the toss in Pasadena, but throw was later disqualified because discus was an ounce too light. His ten-month-old daughter Joli Elissa, in stroller munching a teether, seemed unimpressed.

WATER SKIING: NOW





In New Hampshire: the national championships

Not many years ago the frothy wakes churning around young water skiers Winnie Wolford and Jack Beattie (*above and left*) would have been little more than the refreshing backwash of a publicity stunt. But last week on Lake Opechee in Laconia, N.H., Jack and Winnie, both 19, were skimming over the water for an altogether different reason. They were trying for mixed doubles honors (unsuccessfully, as it turned out) in the National Water Ski Championships. More important were individual titles to those who could perform best in three tough events: jumping, slalom skiing and trick riding. Among the champions at week's end were Willa McGuire of Cypress Gardens, Fla. (pictured below with William D. Roosevelt, grandson of FDR, and Dick Binette , and Butch Rosenberg of the University of Miami, who set a new jump record of 103 feet.



WOMEN'S Champion Willa McGuire got salute from William D. Roosevelt (*left*).

EVERYWHERE



IN MEXICO Sam Zamudio, 43, who has won both U. S. and world's championships, performed difficult stunts on a single trick ski on Lake Tequesquitengo. He did not appear at Lacoma.



IN SEATTLE, champion jumper Bill Schumacher, 42 years old, skimmed off a Lake Washington ramp at 40 mph to clear 85 feet. Although Schumacher soared 12 feet in the air, distance rather than altitude counts in water-ski jumping. Record jump set at Lacoma is 103 feet.



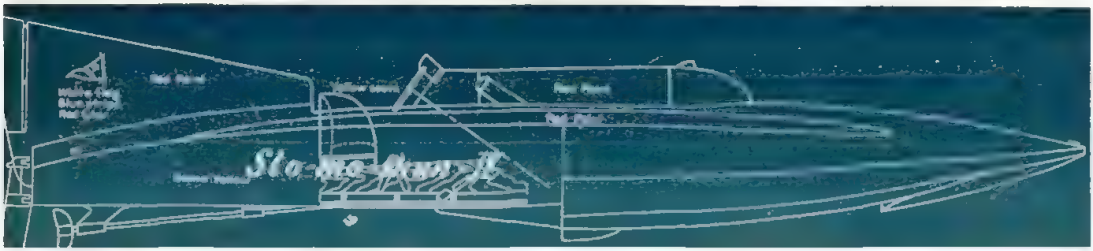
IN ITALY Liselotte Fruchtinger of Austria skipped across the water, zigzagging sharply to right and left behind a 35 mph tow boat to win the women's slalom championship at European water skiing tournament on Lake Idroscalo outside Milan. Slalom is less difficult on water than on snow.

BUNDLED IN LIFE JACKET, STANLEY SAYRES ADJUSTS CRASH HELMET BEFORE ENTERING "SLO-MO V" FOR TRIAL WORKOUT

FASTEST MAN AFLOAT

Stan Sayres's famous "Slo-Mos" have made Seattle the nation's motorboat capital

BLUEPRINT FOR REVOLUTIONARY "SLO-MO IV" ONLY RUDDER, SCREW AND 4 SQ. IN. ON BOTTOM OF SPONSONS, FAT HULL





BURGEE of Seattle Yacht Club is painted on tall dorsal fin behind Sayres, who often uses Slo-Mos for pleasure rides.

Photo by Ross Martin — Black Star

TO THE CLOSE-KNIT speedboat fraternity of Detroit, the stumpy, graying figure of one Stanley St. Clair Sayres is like something out of a recurrent bad dream. Four years ago Mr. Sayres, an obscure automobile salesman from Seattle, Wash., came to Detroit with a strange contraption which, on the record, would go faster on water than anything ever built. He stayed for a couple of weeks, causing consternation. When he departed he took with him two world's championships which for years were practically the private property of Detroit's wealthy racing class—and he also forced upon all and sundry who want to win them back again an annual pilgrimage to the far Northwest as humiliating as it has proved futile.

A fortnight ago the frustrated Detroiters suffered a double indignity. In their fifth year of travail they finally succeeded in beating a Sayres boat. But with victory came no success. Another Sayres creation roared over the Gold Cup course on Seattle's Lake Washington to score one of his more convincing wins. The Seattle designer's most modern entry set a new speed record for the event with an average of 99.-108 mph and a new lap record of 104.-773 mph. Its point total of 2,000 was exactly 368 more than the combined totals of all other boats in the race.

The boats that have done so much to change speedboat racing are extraordinary, triangular-shaped craft known as *Slo-Mo-Shun IV* and *Slo-Mo-Shun V*. The latter, this year's winner, is a refinement of the first. But it was *Slo-Mo-Shun IV* that stirred a revolution when it was introduced in the summer of 1950. With it, Sayres won the two highest prizes in North American racing, the Gold Cup and the Harmsworth Trophy, and sent speedboat enthusiasts scurrying to drawing boards in search of new models. Since then the Harmsworth has not been challenged, but the Gold Cup, an annual three-heat 90-Miler over a course varying between 3 and 3¾ miles, has been on five occasions, all with the same result.

The obscure history of these peculiar craft, which have beaten the best that wealth and racing know-how have to offer, goes back, in fits and starts, for more than three decades. In fact, there might never have been a *Slo-Mo* if there hadn't been an accident to an outboard hydroplane on Lake McKay in Oregon in 1926. The shop mechanic who owned that anonymous craft turned it over and swam ashore in deep disgust. "I'm through with speedboat racing," he announced to anyone who would listen. "They go too damn fast."

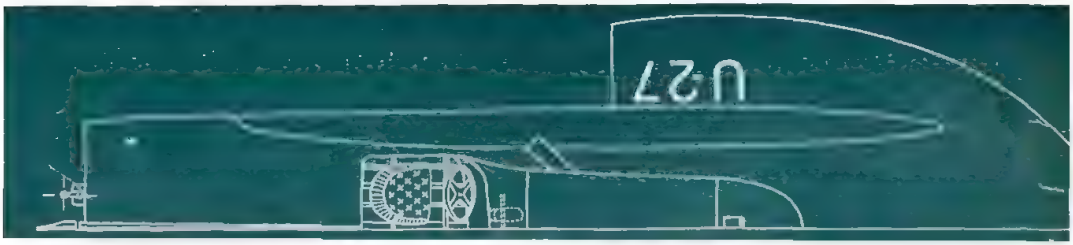
Stan Sayres happened to be on the lake shore on that day, and he acquired the hydroplane forthwith. Motorboat racing was a new field for him; heretofore he'd been strictly an automobile man. A World War I aircraft machine-gun mechanic who ran an auto agency in Pendleton, Ore., he had done some road-racing and dirt-track competition in which he showed not only an aptitude for winning but also for putting together unusual combinations of cars. Once, for example, he beat a Stutz Bearcat in a 15-mile race with a Maxwell-Ford-Franklin hybrid, averaging better than 54 mph on a half-mile dirt track. That was scorching in those days, and seemed about as fast as Sayres would ever want to go—but it was nothing to what he was to do in racing boats.

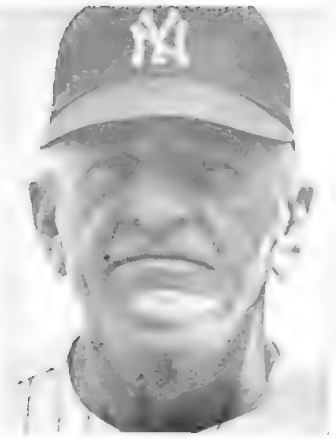
He drove the outboard for five years, and in the process of living with it and racing it he stepped it up to 80 mph. Then he moved to Seattle and went boatless for the next six years while making a broken-down auto agency solvent. It wasn't until 1937 that he got a boat again—this time a second-hand inboard racer with a 225-cubic-inch engine and a three-point hull that would do better than 91 mph. He got so enthusiastic about its speed that Mrs. Sayres, wearying of the endless dinner-table talks on the subject, suggested the obvious name: *Slow Motion*. Sayres streamlined that down to *Slo-Mo-Shun*, and so the first of a proud succession was christened.

Slo-Mo, as it later came be be called, was fun to drive but unexciting, for lack of competition. She burned and sank in 1941, and *Slo-Mo II* came into being, a boat of similar lines and power. By 1946, Sayres had learned enough about engines and hull designs to put some of his own ideas into *Slo-Mo III*, which had a souped-up auto engine

continued on page 57

SECTIONS ON EITHER SIDE, TOUCH WATER AT TOP SPEED. AIR FOIL AT END OF FIN IS SET AT ANGLE TO OFFSET PULL OF MOTOR





COLLECTOR STENGEL

THE YANKEES ARE STILL THE TEAM TO BEAT

If they win, it will be six straight pennants, six straight World Series. If they fail, the team that beats them will always be known as the team that stopped the unstoppable Yanks

by ROBERT CREAMER

MAN, like the pack rat, collects things. Like the pack rat, he most enjoys collecting things that have no practical use. Things like cancelled stamps and old coins. Unlike the pack rat, he assigns arbitrary values to these things. A stamp that wouldn't carry a letter to Hoboken is worth a fortune to the stamp collector. And a bubble-gum baseball card that appears to have the same colors and the same texture and practically the same face as any other baseball card is the prize of prizes to the small boy who collects them.

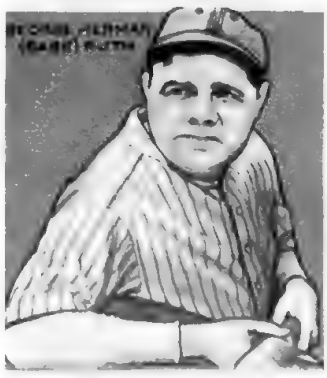
There is a difference, however. To the small boy the rarity or the beauty or the history of the prized card is not as important as the prowess of the subject pictured. A Stan Musial card is worth more than a Bob Borkowski. A collection of New York Yankee cards is worth more than a collection of Pittsburgh Pirates.

Musial is worth more than Borkowski because Musial is the best baseball player in the major leagues and Borkowski is not. The Yankees are worth more than the Pirates or any other team in the major leagues because they are the best team and the others are not. Boys know this. They knew it in Babe Ruth's day when card #181 in the Big League Chewing Gum series (*see cut*) was *the* card to get, and they know it today. Oh, there are local favorites, sure, but over the country the New York Yankees dominate the world of bubble gum as emphatically as they long have dominated baseball.

This bubble-gum index of performance is probably as sound a measure of baseball reality as there is. Boys are unsophisticated. They cannot appreciate, as older and wiser men can, the splendor of a hopeless fight, such as the one Paul Richards and his Chicago White Sox are waging this year, or the fine humor that grew into a warm legend around the old Wilbert Robinson Dodgers, or the lonesome beauty of a really good ballplayer surrounded by fumblers with fingers of clay, like Murry Dickson with the hapless Pirates a year or two ago.

Boys have no time for such abstractions. They go for the team that wins, the heroes. No team has ever won the way the Yankees have won. No team has ever had the Ruths, the Gehrigs, the DiMaggios, the Mantles, the Berras, the Yankees have had. No team has ever been able to create the dynasty the Yankees have created, with one great crop of ballplayers rising as the old crop dies, picking up the cadence of victory and increasing the tempo.

Since 1921 the Yankees have won 20 pennants. In the same period the Cleveland Indians have won one pennant, the Chicago White Sox none. Since 1921 the Indians have finished fourth or worse 18 times, the White Sox 28 times, the Yankees just twice.



COLLECTOR'S ITEM: CIRCA 1933

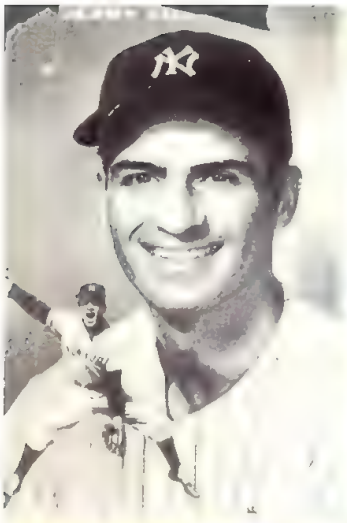
Since 1921 the Yankees have never gone more than three seasons without winning a league championship. Since 1921 the Yankees have been the team to beat. And whenever baseball cards have been in circulation, the Yankees have been the team to collect.

The only thing is, it's just about impossible for a boy to collect a complete set of cards for the roster of any major-league club, let alone the Yankees. Reasons of economics and practicality oblige the bubble-gum companies to limit the number of cards they issue for each team, and reasons of law rising from the great bubble-gum battle (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Aug. 16) restrain some companies from printing cards for certain players.

Topps Chewing Gum, Inc., one of the leading gum-and-card concerns, issues an average of 15 cards per team, and this average holds for the Yankees. The 15 Yankee cards in Topps's 1954 series are reproduced front and back in color on the following foldout. They are, of course, prize items. But SPORTS ILLUSTRATED has added prize items of its own to fill out the Yankee squad to full strength: black-and-white "cards," front and back, of those Yankees for whom Topps—for one good reason or another—did not print cards. The result is a collector's dream: 27 Yankees, a collection almost beyond the highest hopes of the most avid gum-chewing, card-collecting boy.

But even when dealing with such steady perfection as that of the Yankees, you can get gummed up. Since we went to press with our foldout, old Casey Stengel, as hungry for his sixth pennant as he was for his first, kept shuffling the cards, got rid of pitchers Gorman and Kuzava, added pitchers Ralph Branca, Marlin Stuart and Art Schallock.

ANOTHER COLLECTOR'S FOLDOUT →




catcher NEW YORK YANKEES
Yankees



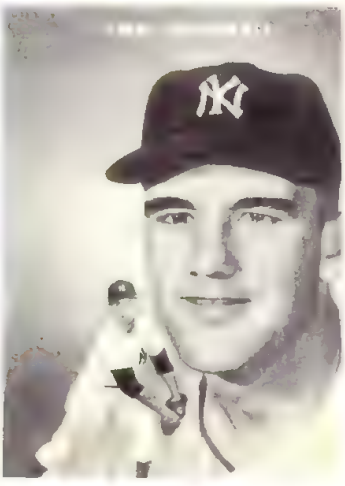

field NEW YORK YANKEES
Yankees


PHIL RIZZUTO
Yankees


shortstop NEW YORK YANK
Yankees




pitcher NEW YORK YANKEES
Yankees



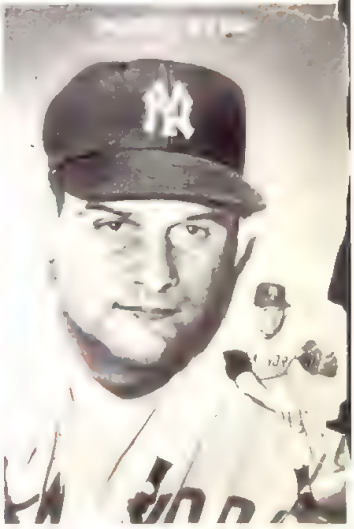

ED LOPAT
Yankees


MICKEY MANTLE


Yankees


ALLIE REYNOLDS

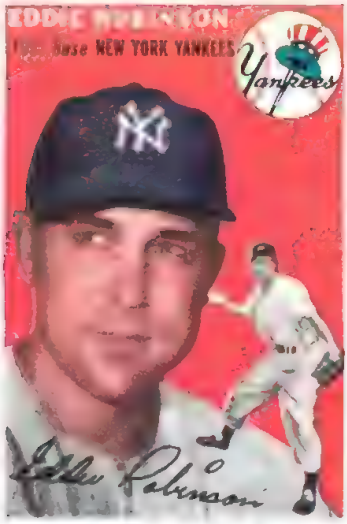

pitcher NEW YORK YANKEES
Yankees




FRANK LEJA
Yankees



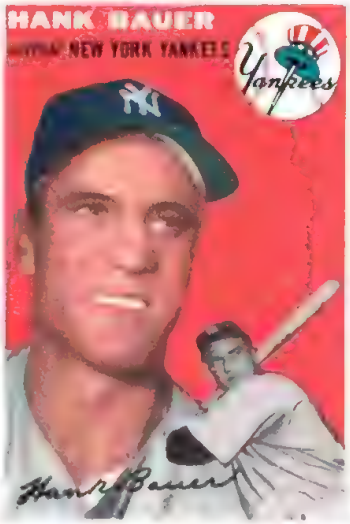

BOB KUZAVA
Yankees


NEW YORK YANKEES
Yankees




CHARLIE SILVERA
NEW YORK YANKEES
Yankees

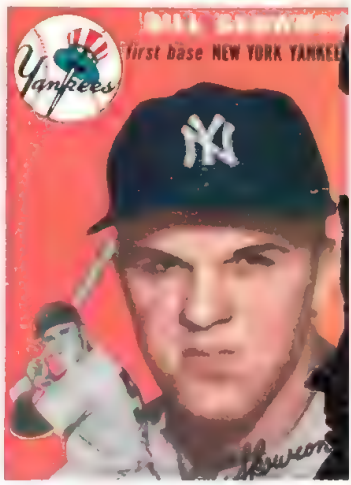

BIL McDOUGALD


HANK BAUER
NEW YORK YANKEES
Yankees




third base NEW YORK YANKEES
Yankees


JIM McDONALD


first base NEW YORK YANKEES
Yankees

TOPPS 62

WILLIAM EDWARD ROBINSON — first base N. Y. YANKEES

Ht. 6' 2½" Weight 205 Bats Left Throws Right
Home Baltimore, Maryland Born December 15, 192[illegible]

Ed came to the Yanks from the A's during the winter. Last year was the 3rd straight time he batted in over 100 runs. He had 117 and 104 in 1951-52. Ed led A.L. 1st Basemen in Putouts and those same years he hit 21, 29 and 22 Homers in pro ball since 1939 he came up with the [illegible] Washington and Chicago

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
Year	100	393	56	102	25	4	22	102	.247	1[illegible]	11	17	.[illegible]
Life	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	104	23	145	[illegible]	.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]



GILBERT JAMES McDOUGALD

INFIELD

NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 6.01 Weight 180
Throws Right Bats Right
Born San Francisco, Calif., May 19 1928

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H R	R B I	B Avg	P O	Assists	Errors	F Avg
Year	141	541	82	154	27	7	10	83	285	170	332	23	956
Life	424	1498	219	423	66	16	35	224	282	577	953	55	965

Gil had quite a year for a rookie in 1951. He led the world champion Yankees in hitting with .306 hit a grand slam home run against the New York Giants in the World Series and was named Rookie of the Year in the American League. Gil has as odd a batting stance as there is in the majors, but it gets results!

TOPPS 105

ANDREW ARTHUR CAREY — third base NEW YORK YANKE

Height 6' 1" Weight 185 Bats Right Throws Right
Home Alameda, California Born October 18 193[illegible]

Although Andy saw limited action as a utility man in '53, he had the highest Batting mark on the Yankees and led team in Slugging .531. He came from the St. Mary's Coll campus to Kansas City in 1951 to hit .288. Andy hit .284 next year and the Yanks gave him a brief trial in mid-sea

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
Year	[illegible]	131	34	38	9	0	4	8	.[illegible]	34	85	2	.9[illegible]
Life	[illegible]	282	[illegible]	82	15	0	4	9	.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	8	.9[illegible]



IRVING ARNOLD NOREN

OUTFIELD

NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 6.00 Weight 190
Throws Left Bats Left
Born Jamestown, N. Y., Nov. 29 1924

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H R	R B I	B Avg	P O	Assists	Errors	F Avg
Year	109	345	55	92	12	6	6	46	267	208	11	2	991
Life	481	1717	257	470	88	24	33	253	274	400	75	27	982

Casey Stengel calls Irv "the best No. 4 outfielder in baseball." He's a steady hitter and an exceptional fielder. Irv started in the Dodger chain but came up with Washington in 1950. He hit .295 that year. In 1952 he was traded to the Yankees and promptly became a member of their two platoon outfield

TOPPS 130

HENRY ALBERT BAUER — outfield NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 6' Weight 185 Bats Right Throws Right
Home Overland Park, Kan. Born July 31 1922

Hank had the best Batting Average among Yankee regulars in 53. His highest Major League mark was .320 in 50. In his five full A.L. seasons the Yankees have won the World Series each year. He started at Oshkosh in '41 and spent 4 years in the Marines. He hit .323 at Quincy in '46, then .313 and .305 with Kansas City in '47 and '48 before joining the Yanks.

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
Year	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]
Life	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]



JIMMIE LEROY McDONALD

PITCHER

NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 5.11 Weight 192
Throws Right Bats Right
Born Grants Pass, Ore., May 17, 1927

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Innings	Won	Lost	Pct.	Hits	Runs	E R	S O	Walks	E
Year	27	130	9	7	.563	128	64	55	43	39	
Life	78	302	17	18	.486	306	152	128	96	135	

Jim toiled in the minor leagues for six seasons before he got a brief trial with the Red Sox in 1950. He went down again but came back with the St. Louis Browns in 1951. He was traded to the Yanks after that season. The high point of his career came when he was a surprise starter and victor in the 1953 World Series.

TOPPS 96

CHARLES ANTHONY SILVERA — catcher NEW YORK YANKEES

Ht. 5.10 Weight 175 Bats Right Throws Right
Home San Jose, California Born October 13 1[illegible]

Charlie is the real strongman in the Yankees' second line of defense. In 49 he hit .315 in 58 contests and in 55 games batted .327 in '52. Starting with Wellsville in '42 Charlie spent 3 years in Service before joining Kansas City in '46. With Portland in '48 he hit .30[illegible] [illegible]s League in Fielding [illegible] to the Yanks late [illegible] season

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
Year	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]
Life	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]



TOM STEPHEN MORGAN

PITCHER

NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 6.02 Weight 190
Throws Right Bats Right
Born El Monte, Calif. May 20, 1930

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Innings	Won	Lost	Pct	Hits	Runs	E R	S O	Walks	E R A
Year		(In service during 1953)									
Life	43	219	14	7	.667	205	90	83	92	69	3.41

They call Tom "The Ploughboy" because of his trudging walk, but he didn't waste too much time on the farm teams before coming up to the Yankees in 1951. He won nine and lost only three that year and had another impressive season in 1952, with an earned run average of [illegible]

TOPPS 239

WILLIAM JOSEPH SKOWRON — 1st base NEW YORK YANKE

Height 6' 1" Weight [illegible] Bats Right Throws Right
Home Austin, Minnesota Born [illegible]

Bill's .318 Batting Average at Kansas City in 1953 was lowest in his 3 pro seasons, chiefly because of an ankle inj The previous season at K.C. he was named Minor Lea Player of the Year after hitting .[illegible] and leading the circu Homers, 3[illegible] RBI's, [illegible] and Total Bases. [illegible] At Norfo [illegible] 5 [illegible] Batting with .331

MINOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
Year	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]
Life	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.[illegible]



[illegible]ALD FRANCIS COLEMAN

INFIELD

NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 6.00 — Weight 165
Throws Right — Bats Right
Born San Jose, Calif. Sept. 14, 1924

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
Year	[illegible]21	362	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	2	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	295	18	.964
Life	421	1383	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1059	53	[illegible]

[illegible]ecord in 1951. In service most of 1952 and 1953.

One of the best liked players in the game, Jerry has everyone rooting for him this year after spending most of 1952 and 1953 flying with the Marines in Korea. Jerry was the American League Rookie of the Year in 1949, and in 1950 his great play won him the Babe Ruth Award as the outstanding player in the World Series.

[illegible] 101

Height 5.9 — Weight 175 — Bats Left — Throws Right
Home Fairlawn, New Jersey — Born August [illegible]

After leading the A.L. [illegible] in Fielding [illegible] 52, Gene repeated his '51 performance last season by tying for top Fielding Honors. He also led the Yankee regulars with the highest Batting Average, hitting over .300 for the second straight year. [illegible] Gene won [illegible] Batting [illegible] Minor League [illegible]

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
Year	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	4	[illegible]	[illegible]	.300	240	6	1	.996
Life	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.304	1320	46	11	.992



ROBERT ANTON GRIM

PITCHER

NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 6.01 — Weight 175
Throws Right — Bats Right
Born New York, N. Y. March 8, 1930

PITCHING RECORD

Year — (In service during 1952 and 1953)
Life — (No major league pitching record prior to 1954)

Bob was not even on the Yankee roster when he reported for spring training at St. Petersburg in 1954 after two years in the service. However, his hurling was so impressive that Casey Stengel promoted him before the season began. Bob soon proved to be one of the Yanks most dependable pitchers.

TOPPS 50 — LAWRENCE PETER BERRA — catcher NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 5.8 — Weight 183 — Bats Left — Throws Right
Home [illegible] — Born May [illegible]

One of baseball's best sluggers, Yogi led the Yankees in Homers, Total Bases [illegible] and RBI's in 1953. He was 5th in the American League in Slugging with a rousing .523 [illegible] Yogi paced the New Yorkers [illegible] and was voted the American League's Most Valuable Player.

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
Year	137	[illegible]	[illegible]	149	23	5	27	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	5	[illegible]
Life	902	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	140	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.985



TOPPS 17 — PHILIP FRANCIS RIZZUTO — shortstop NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 5.6 — Weight 156 — Bats Right — Throws Right
Home [illegible] — Born [illegible]

Phil has played in 8 World Series in his [illegible] years as a Yankee. He led A.L. Shortstops in Fielding in '49 and '50 and was voted the Most Valuable Player in '50 when he hit .324. [illegible] he was named the All-Time Yankee Shortstop by New York Sports writers.

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
Year	134	[illegible]	54	112	21	3	2	54	.271	214	400	24	.963
Life	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1429	224	61	35	533	.276	2911	4186	231	.969



TOPPS 205 — JOHN FRANKLIN SAIN — pitcher NEW YORK YANKE[ES]

Height 6.2 — Weight 204 — Throws Right — Bats Right
Home Newport, Arkansas — Born September [illegible]

Johnny, used as a starter and in relief, shared the 5th [illegible] ERA in the A.L. [illegible] the 6th best Percentage. He won the opening World Series game in relief. With the [illegible] he won [illegible] and led the N.L. with 24 in [illegible]

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Innings	Won	Lost	Pct.	Hits	Runs	E.R.	S.O.	Walks	E.[R.A.]
Year	[illegible]	[illegible]	14	7	.667	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	45	3.[illegible]
Life	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	503	3.[illegible]



ROBERT HENRY CERV

OUTFIELD

NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 6.00 — Weight [illegible]
Throws Right — Bats Right
Born Weston, Nebr. May [illegible] 1926

[MA]JOR AND MINOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
	123	[illegible]	79	141	[illegible]	[illegible]	22	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.976
	56	121	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	1	[illegible]	.971

A great minor league batter, Bob has yet to hit his stride in the majors. He [illegible] the University of Nebraska campus to Kansas City [illegible] with 22 doubles, 11 triples, and 28 [illegible]

TOPPS 56 — GUILLERMO MIRANDA (y PEREZ) — shortstop N. Y. YANKEES

Regarded as one of the best fielding shortstops in the American League, the Yankees got Willie from the St. Louis Browns last year as "pennant insurance." He broke into organized ball with Sherman-Denison in '49 and played for Chattanooga in [illegible] American League with Washington and hit [illegible]

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F. Avg.
Year	[illegible]	[illegible]	14	[illegible]	0	0	1	5	.210	[illegible]	[illegible]	3	.979
Life	[illegible]	[illegible]	32	[illegible]	4	2	1	13	.222	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	.9[illegible]



THOMAS ALOYSIUS GORMAN

PITCHER

NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 6.02 — Weight 195
Throws Right — Bats Right
Born New York, N. Y. Jan. 4, 1925

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Innings	Won	Lost	Pct.	Hits	Runs	E.R.	S.O.	Walks
Year	40	[illegible]	1	5	.167	65	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	32
Life	52	139	[illegible]	[illegible]	.5[illegible]	1[illegible]	66	[illegible]	59	51

Tom was in 40 games for the Yankees in 1953 but started only one. He is a relief pitcher by trade and a good one. Tom spent six full seasons in the Yankee chain before coming up to the majors in 1952. In 1951 he pitched 42 consecutive scoreless innings for Beaumont to set a

5
EDMUND WALTER LOPAT *pitcher NEW YORK YANKEES*

Throws Left
Bats Left

[illegible]

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Innings	Won	Lost	Pct.	Hits	Runs	E.R.	S.O.	Walks	E.R.A.
Year	25	178	16	4	.800	169	58	[illegible]	[illegible]	32	2.43
Life	286	2133	147	86	.606	2117	806	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	3.14

INSIDE BASEBALL


ALLIE PIERCE REYNOLDS
PITCHER
NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 6:00 Weight 195
Throws Right Bats Right
Born Bethany, Okla. Feb. 10, 1917

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Innings	Won	Lost	Pct.	Hits	Runs	E.R.	S.O.	Walks	E.R.A.
Year	41	[illegible]	13	7	.650	[illegible]	64	57	[illegible]	61	3.41
Life	398	[illegible]	169	[illegible]	.621	[illegible]	961	857	[illegible]	1195	3.30

The Chief has been the mainstay of the Yankee pitching staff for eight seasons, although he's had only one 20 game year. At his best in the clutch, he has won seven World Series games to tie an all time record set by another Yankee great, Red Ruffing. Allie pitched two no hit, no run games during the 1951 season.

175
FRANK JOHN LEJA, JR. *first base NEW YORK YANKEES*

Height 6:4
Weight 215
Bats Left
Throws Left

A prize Big League prospect, Frank signed with the Yanks prior to the 1953 World Series for a sizeable bonus. A slugging first baseman, he has been tabbed by Yankee scouts to [illegible] Columbia University. Frank's [illegible] the attention of the Big League teams [illegible] High School.

	MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD									FIELDING RECORD			
	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F.Avg.
*Year					AMATEUR								
Life	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

INSIDE BASEBALL


MICKEY CHARLES MANTLE
OUTFIELD
NEW YORK YANKEES

[illegible]

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

[illegible]

[illegible]

37
EDWARD CHARLES FORD *pitcher NEW YORK YANKEES*

[illegible]

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Innings	Won	Lost	Pct.	Hits	Runs	E.R.	S.O.	Walks	E.R.A.
Year	32	207	18	6	.750	187	77	69	110	110	3.00
Life	[illegible]	309	27	7	.794	274	118	104	100	102	2.93

INSIDE BASEBALL


ENOS BRADSHER SLAUGHTER
OUTFIELD
NEW YORK YANKEES

Height 5:9 Weight 190
Throws Right Bats Left
Born Roxboro, N. C. April 27, 1916

MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD — FIELDING RECORD

[illegible]

In the seventh and deciding game of the 1946 World Series, Enos scored the run that won the Series for the St. Louis Cardinals by racing all the way home from first on a single to center. The Cards sold "Country" to the Yankees in 1954 in one of the most startling deals in baseball history.

83
JOSEPH EDWARD COLLINS *first base NEW YORK YANKEES*

[illegible]

	MAJOR LEAGUE BATTING RECORD									FIELDING RECORD			
	Games	At Bat	Runs	Hits	Doubles	Triples	H.R.	R.B.I.	B. Avg.	P.O.	Assists	Errors	F.Avg.
Year	127	[illegible]	72	104	11	2	17	44	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	11	[illegible]
Life	404	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	44	18	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

INSIDE BASEBALL


HARRY GLADWIN BYRD
PITCHER
NEW YORK YANKEES

[illegible]

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Innings	Won	Lost	Pct.	Hits	Runs	E.R.	S.O.	Walks	E.R.A.
Yr.*	40	[illegible]	11	20	.355	[illegible]	155	145	[illegible]	115	5.51
Life	83	476	26	35	.426	[illegible]	275	249	[illegible]	[illegible]	4.71

*With Philadelphia Athletics

Harry was voted the Rookie of the Year in the American League after winning 15 games for the Athletics in 1952. Although his 1953 record was comparatively disappointing, the Yankees went after him ... of the biggest baseball trades ... [illegible]

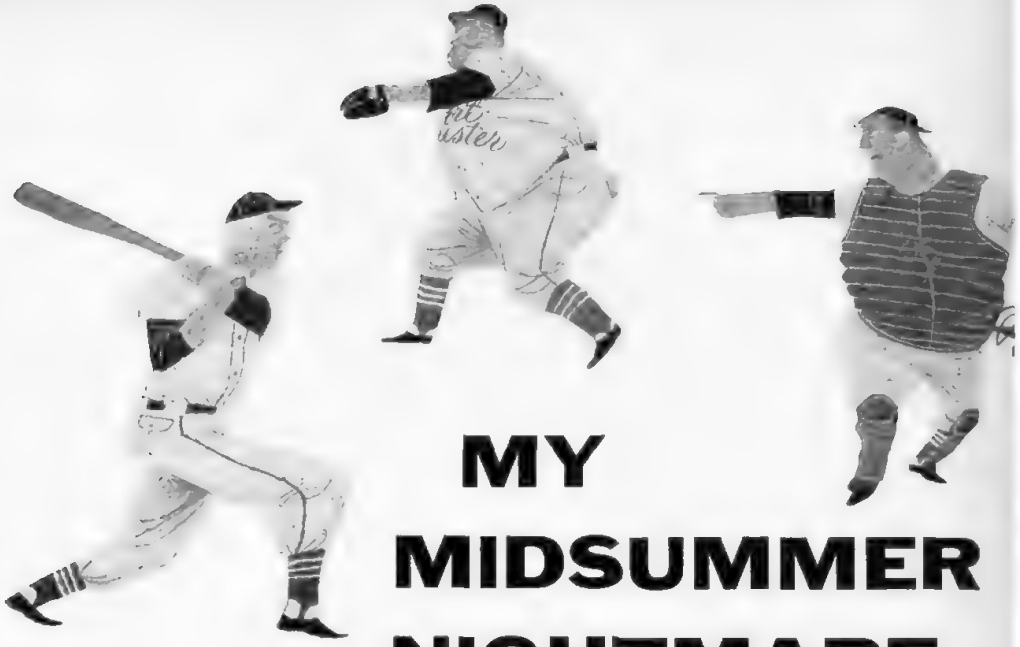
230
ROBERT LEROY KUZAVA *pitcher NEW YORK YANKEES*

[illegible]

MAJOR LEAGUE PITCHING RECORD

	Games	Innings	Won	Lost	Pct.	Hits	Runs	E.R.	S.O.	Walks	E.R.A.
Year	[illegible]	[illegible]	6	5	.545	82	35	34	48	34	[illegible]
Life	[illegible]	[illegible]	46	37	.554	708	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	365	[illegible]

INSIDE BASEBALL

MY MIDSUMMER NIGHTMARE

by Marjorie Osterman

TO LOOK at my husband, a thoroughly respectable member of the New York Stock Exchange, you would never guess that he could lead a double life. Ostensibly a member of the firm of Osterman & Hutner, he can be seen almost any day at lunch in Wall Street, deep in the back pages of the *Times*, the picture of a man devoted to his work. But those figures he is studying so assiduously are not the market quotations, those names he mutters are not those of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Beane and the rest of the boys. He's lost himself in the sports pages again—for my husband is actually a frustrated slow-ball pitcher who seated himself on the Exchange only to further his real ambition, which is to seat himself on a dugout bench and mastermind a ball club.

What's more, he did it. And he took me with him. There's nothing in the marriage contract that says the for-better-or-worse clause can include the care and feeding of a minor-league team; but on the other hand there's nothing that says it can't. Ladies, if your mate is just a routine fan about the game, be kind to him. You're lucky. You'll never know what baseball trouble really is until you're married to a club owner.

Of course, I should have seen it coming. I've known Lester since he was 16, which is long enough to know what a man's real passions are. He was the hero of his New York high-school team, and he did a lot of pitching for the University of Virginia. He even tried out for the Dodgers once and aroused the interest of the head scout by striking out three men in the second inning of a practice game.

Luckily the wind took a hand in the proceedings at that crucial moment. A gust blew off Lester's cap, revealing his prematurely bald head. The scout let out a yell. "Jeez!" he screamed. "I thought he was a boy!" That's why I'm not spending my married life at Ebbets Field.

Even marriage didn't calm down Lester. In our first, blissful years he got in some semipro ball, down in some dismal spot under the Queensboro Bridge in New York. They still remember him around there as Fluff, the pitcher who, when things got difficult, would take a little piece of blue marabou out of his pocket and wave it in the air like a magic wand. The marabou came off a bed jacket of mine, part of my trousseau. Madame Florence, who designed it, would come apart at her elegant seams if she knew of its ultimate fate.

It was only when I got pregnant that my last, lingering illusions about being Number One on Lester's heart-throb list were finally dispelled. I admit I timed it badly. Lester was worried throughout—not for my sake, but for fear that my big moment would coincide with the Dodgers' opening game. I tried my best, but nature has no respect for opening days, and when April 19 came around, my labor pains came with it.

Lester was a real sport about it, though. He said it was okay, that he would take his portable radio to the hospital. That meant, of course, that he forgot my suitcase. Because of the shortage of nurses, he had to accept the job of timing my pains, but he managed to sandwich that in between keeping a box score. When they finally came to wheel me



away to the delivery room, he was really excited. Jackie Robinson was up, with two men on. Lester's last words were: "See you after the game!" as he dashed away.

"Remember to inquire about me during the seventh-inning stretch," I called back bitterly. Little did I realize that this was only the beginning of baseball's interference in my life.

There came the day when Lester brought *his* baby back to me. He had, he proudly informed me, become the owner of the Port Chester Clippers, a Class B club in the New England Colonial League. At a bargain-basement price, too—only $18,000. The basement was where the team had ended its previous season.

A Class B club, I gathered from Lester's explanations, was pretty far down in the baseball hierarchy. The next few months confirmed it. The further along you get in the alphabet the more uncomfortable the ball parks are, the dirtier the rest rooms, the more elusive any hope of making both ends meet. In fact, it's an accomplishment just to keep your losings this side of bankruptcy.

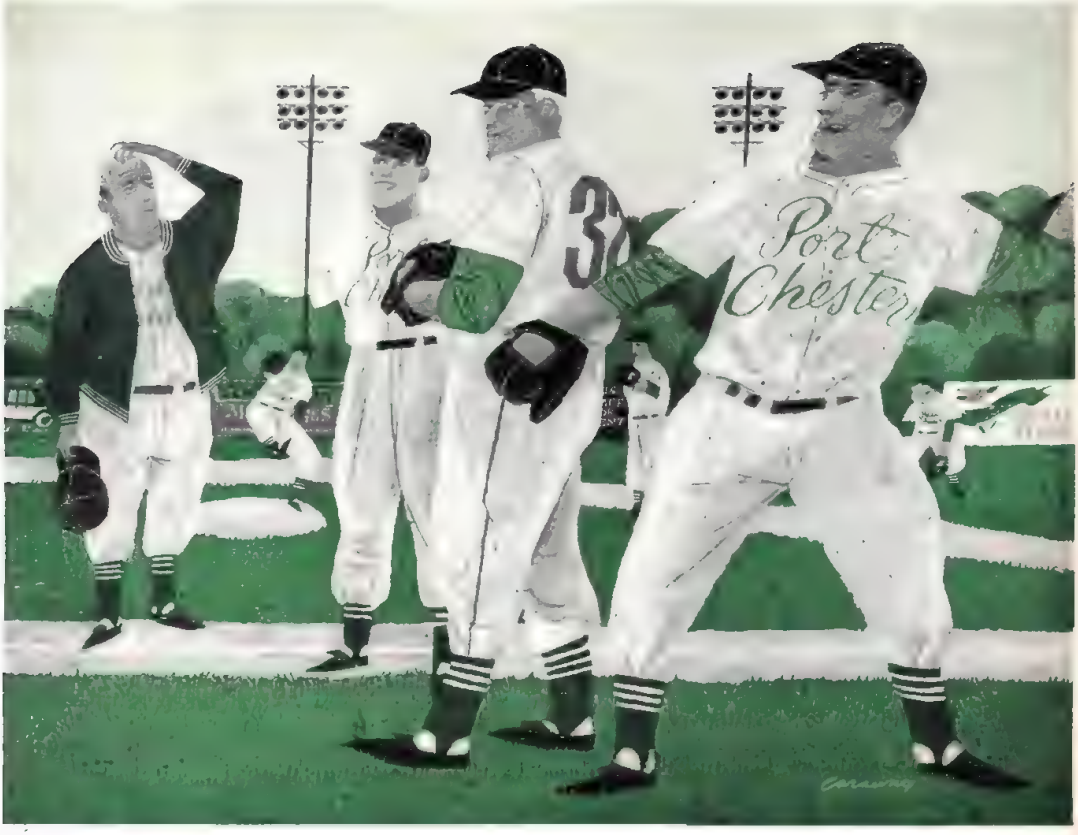
Lester had it figured, though. A winning ball club, he reasoned, would certainly take care of the financial end of things. Anyway, he had a working agreement with the St. Louis Browns to send him players. Of course, they only sent him players whom they couldn't possibly use; and if Lester's tutelage improved them, they were yanked right back again. That's what happened to our star hitter, Frankie Pack. He was taken away at the tail end of the season, just when the crucial games against Poughkeepsie were coming up. But that's the sort of thing you learn only by experience.

At that, Lester did very nicely. He brought in players from far and wide —the farther the better, it seemed. About the farthest and widest was a Puerto Rican named Figuera, a former FBI man and an alleged pitcher, who was so overweight that he could barely get up from the bench.

I learned a lot in those days of spring training. Chuck Covington, for example, enriched my private vocabulary by some fascinating expletives. He also tried to teach me to chew tobacco. Paul Wargo was another man with interesting turns of phrase. "Woolieburgers," for instance, was his apt description for the obvious talents of a sweater girl.

The first day of the season was a memorable one for Port Chester. A new mayor had just been elected, and in a wave of popular enthusiasm the whole town, mayor, brass band and all, swept into our ball park, right past our ticket takers. The excitement and the color of the evening were terrific. The gate receipts were dismal. It seems you can't stop a trombone player or a new mayor and say, "90¢ please."

We ordered turnstiles shortly after that, but it was weeks before they were delivered. Meanwhile, Lester made up the deficits. I don't know how big his weekly payments were; he would never tell me.



In spite of myself, I got financially involved too. The fences which were supposed to keep the dead beats out were also supposed to be covered with big fat advertisements. Our business manager did his best, but they remained as pure and unsullied as a monastery wall. I finally spoke to my husband. "If you're so smart," he retorted, "why don't you do something about it?" Since I felt a little sorry for him at this point, I did.

It was quite easy, really. I rounded up all the idle matrons in the neighborhood and deputized them as space saleswomen, with a promise of 20% of each ad sold. It was blackmail, I suppose, since all of them were patrons of the merchants they approached, but we got results. I switched our personal dry cleaner three times, and the third switch got me an ad. And the fences got filled, at $200 per sign.

Lester really built up a fine ball club. By the closing weeks of the season the Clippers were so far ahead of every other team that our average attendance dropped from 1,500 to around 600 per game. As Lester said, give them a winning club and the money will take care of itself. . . .

When we finally clinched the pennant, my husband, who had kept his arm in shape by pitching occasionally in batting practice, decided to take the mound in an actual game. He is a man who knows no fear. He made his debut in organized baseball in his own home town, against the second-place Poughkeepsie team, with his mother-in-law peering at him right over the catcher's elbow. Me, I nearly died.

He stood out there on the mound, a short and nervous little man with beads of perspiration on his brow, and the Stock Exchange seemed awfully far away. When he took his cap off to wipe his forehead I noticed for the first time how bald he really was. Then he hitched up his pants and pitched four straight balls to the first batter. I closed my eyes.

When I had the courage to open them again, things were different. Lester had got a grip on himself. Instead of a bum, I found I was married to a hero. He pitched six scoreless innings, yielding only four hits, and slammed out three hits himself, with two runs batted in. All the New York sports columnists wrote it up the next day. Lester made history as the first member of the New York Stock Exchange ever to pitch in organized baseball.

The game ended on a memorable note. In the closing inning, the catcher handed Lester a peeled orange that had been coated with white lime. My hero husband took a mighty windup and let it fly, right down the middle. The batter, unaware of the switch, connected squarely for what he thought was surely a home run. It cost us a fine of $185. It's expensive even to laugh in the minors.

But even though we won the Governor's Cup—a trophy which exists in spirit only—the season was financially a disaster. I was sure that Lester would call it quits now. Once again, however, I misjudged him. He looked around for

continued on page 52

lescent course into a stern, up-to-date test of good golf. This amounts to a genuine rarity in an age when most golfers have become so score-happy that they try to transform their roughs as well as their fairways into low-cut, trapless gowns. Because of their interest in the game and their club, Henry Ford II and his brother, William Clay Ford, two of the Country Club's most enthusiastic golfers, have bought a thousand tickets for the Amateur, which they have distributed through the Ford Company to fellow addicts.

A Y Ow



CHARLES COE, 30, is in the oil business and works out of Ardmore, Okla., his home town. A fine swinger, especially for a person of his lanky build, Coe has piled up an impressive record since breaking through in the 1949 Amateur at Rochester.



CHARLES ("CHICK") EVANS, 64, vice-president of a Chicago dairy company, lives only two blocks from the Edgewater Golf Club where he caddied 50 odd days 55 years ago. In 1916 Evans won both the Open and the Amateur championship.

IT ALL BEGAN IN 1895

WHEN THE first official Amateur was played at the Newport Golf Club in 1895, there were 32 contestants in the field but only two or three golfers, and it was almost a foregone conclusion that the winner would be Charles Blair Macdonald. A well-to-do Chicagoan with a king-size ego, who had been educated at St. Andrews University in Scotland, Charley Macdonald was considered to be in a class by himself among our amateurs, a judgment with which he heartily concurred. The previous year he had unexpectedly gone down to defeat in two invitation tournaments, either of which might well have gone into the record books as the first official Amateur, had Macdonald won. Claiming that both tournaments had been improperly conducted, Old Charley kicked up such a rumpus that he inadvertently became the midwife of the U.S.G.A., an organization formed in December, 1894, and which has since been the official governing body for American golf. The next autumn, in a match-play championship superintended by the U.S.G.A., Old Charley finally made it, shellacking his opponent in the final, a tennis player named Sands, 12 and 11.

At the turn of the century the Amateur produced its first great champion, Walter J. Travis. Travis, an opinionated fellow who learned golf at 35, never took a lesson, but won the U.S. Amateur in 1900, 1901 and 1903, and in 1904 carried off the British Amateur—the first "foreigner" ever to win a British championship. Travis is esteemed by veteran observers to be the finest putter who ever lived.

His brilliant successor, Jerry Travers, won the championship in 1907–08 and 1912–13, a period when sectional rivalry was extremely keen, particularly when Travers, the favorite of the East, came up against Chick Evans, pride of the West. In 1914 21-year-old Francis Ouimet, who had won an astonishing victory in the Open the year before, captured the Amateur, a feat he was to repeat 17 years later.

That 1931 Amateur was historic from another aspect: Bobby Jones was not in the field, having retired from competitive golf the autumn previous, after completing his Grand Slam of the four major championships. Bob—as he preferred to be called—probably set himself the highest standards of performance, athletic and personal, of any American athlete. Everything he touched turned to class. The Amateur, during his reign, was a sporting event. From 1924, when he first won the title, until his retirement, Bob dominated the Amateur as no national championship has ever been dominated before or after: he won it in '25; in '26 he lost in the final to George Von Elm; in '27 he won it and again in '28; in '29 he was put out in the first round by Johnny Goodman, but in '30 he took it for the fifth time. This last victory nailed down the fourth and final leg of the Grand Slam.

Over the six days of the 1930 tournament, 35,150 Jones idolators paid $55,319 to watch their hero reach the climactic moment of his career. While the Open has continued to draw increasing numbers of spectators and larger gate receipts—the 1954 Open smashed all records—the 1930 figures remain the high-water marks for the Amateur. In core, the explanation is that since Jones's heyday, amateur golf has never quite come up with an attractive personality and a consistent winner whom the country's golf fans could get to know and follow year in and year out. Quite understandably, unless he has a private income or a "patron," the competent young amateur turns pro, as Lawson Little did in 1936 after that burly bull of a match player had swept our Amateur and the British two years running, or, to cite the most recent example, as Gene Littler, the 1953 champion and the most impressive swinger to come along in a decade, did last winter. The Amateur, as a result, has too often seemed like a "New Faces" revue, with each year's edition having to generate its own momentum and color.

For all this, this year's championship gives definite indications of being a memorable one—the field is fine, the course is testing. More than that, it may well inaugurate a new full-blooded era of amateur golf. No one saw it coming, but just when it seemed that there was no room left for the unprofessional athlete in a postwar world of hard-hitter, chrome-plated, machine-like perfectionists, along comes a Roger Bannister, the medical student who runs for the sheer love of running, and in golf, along comes a Billy Joe Patton to absorb in both the Masters and Open a series of errors that would have shattered the heart of most professionals and, in a great display of "the old amateur try," to still keep pumping for the pin. It would seem to prove what the old timers have been quietly saying for years: a sport is only as good as the spirit of its amateurs.

FLAT, FAIR AND DEMANDING

THE Country Club of Detroit occupies a tract of land, some 300 yards from Lake St. Clair, which is as flat as an airfield. On only two of the holes—the 9th and the 18th where the greens are slightly plateaued—is there more than a ripple of undulation. Nine times out of ten, a course built on this type of terrain is doomed to be second-rate and *soporific. The tenth time, it* is redeemed by the imagination of a skillful golf course architect, such as H. L. Colt (of the famous English firm of Colt & Alison) who laid out the Country Club's course in 1911. Colt saw to it that his holes were lengthy and varied, and marched them in an interesting sequence through the giant elms and maples which abound on the property.

*Over the years, with the introduc*tion of steel shafts, the juiced-up ball, the sand wedge, and other technical refinements, the Country Club's layout gradually lost its "shot value." Three years ago, Robert Trent Jones, the Colt of today's golf architects, was called in to perform an overhauling job that would restore the course's championship qualities. Jones lengthened the layout from 6,412 yards to 6,875—*about the same yardage as the* Augusta National—by bringing the tees back,



a few of them as much as 60 yards. On many holes, to penalize the long hitter if he did not place his drive accurately, he put in fairway trapping 225 to 250 yards from the tee. Such a trap, flanking the fairway on the right, for example, tends to bring the trees lining the left side of the fairway much more actively into play. Jones built three new greens (the 3rd, 6th and 10th), extended most of the other old wedge-shaped greens with a "tongue," and revivified the area around the greens by adding new traps, recontouring old ones, and "flashing" a large percentage of these hazards against greenside mounds. Though it is much less intimidating than Oakland Hills (also in the Detroit area) which Jones remodeled brilliantly for the 1951 Open, the Country Club is a fair and demanding test and should produce an authentic champion.

LEADING CITIZENS OF MOTOR CAPITAL WHO LIVE ALONG COURSE

WILLIAM CLAY FORD
Ford Motor Co.

LARRY BUHL
Wholesale hardware

H. H. SMITH
Stock broker

CHARLES SYMINGTON
Sylvania Electric

C. J. EDWARDS
Manufacturers representative

A. VANDERZEE
Chrysler Corp.

W. DEAN ROBINSON
Briggs Manufacturing Co.

MRS. ROY CHAPIN
Widow of Hudson founder

HENRY FORD II
Ford Motor Co.

JAMES WHITEHEAD
Contractor

DONALD J. MACFARLANE
Attorney



NO.	YARDS	PAR	NO.	YARDS	PAR
	365	4	10	590	5
2	450	4	11	410	4
3	510	5	12	450	4
4	390	4	13	175	3
5	230	3	14	450	4
6	370	4	15	365	4
7	430	4	16	185	3
8	155	3	17	460	4
9	465	4	18	425	4
OUT	3365	35	IN	3510	35
				3365	35
			TOTAL	6875	70



ON HOME COURSE AT MORGANTON, N.C.—JUST AS IN NATIONAL TOURNAMENTS—BILLY JOE SPENDS PLENTY OF TIME IN THE ROUGH

'LET'S SMILE AGAIN'

Billy Joe Patton, the North Carolina lumberman, has proved it is possible to play good golf and still have a good time

by Coles Phinizy

THERE will be eight former U.S. and British champions in the field at the U.S. Amateur next week, but among the favorites, if not *the* favorite, will be 32-year-old William Joseph Patton, a weekend golfer who five months ago was barely known outside North Carolina. For a favorite, Patton's record in past Amateurs approaches the dismal. In five tries he has never survived the fourth round, nor until this year ever won an important sectional tournament. But, as if in defiance of this so-so past, last April Patton all but defeated Sam Snead and Ben Hogan in the Masters, won the North and South Amateur and then finished in a tie for sixth, top amateur, in the Open.

However he does in the perilous match play at the Amateur, this much is certain: 1954 will be remembered as the year Billy Joe Patton moved among the great ones of the game, speaking free and easy, playing heli-ben, for the pin, and converting thousands to a new attitude towards big-time golf.

Admittedly others before, notably Walter Hagen, knew how to enjoy a tournament. But competitive golf—even amateur—has grown colder by the year. The player strives to contain himself within his game, too often to the insufferable point where he smashes a club, barks at the crowd, argues with officials, up and quits, or otherwise indicates

that the big time is no fun." Billy Joe," notes U.S.G.A. Executive Director Joe Dey, "is a return to what golf was meant to be, hard play but a good time."

At the Augusta Masters last April the golf world first discovered Billy Joe leading the select field and having a whale of a time. For a man in his first Masters, Billy Joe was enjoying himself almost indecently, playing with a raw boldness and telling the charmed galleries, "You didn't pay to see me play it safe." This Patton, the Augusta *Chronicle* declared, "would charge hell with a bucket of ice water." Even when he fell five strokes behind going into the final round, no one could really forget Billy Joe. At lunch on the last day, as a shout went up out on the course, the great Bob Jones relates, "The china started rattling. The walls trembled. I had to go out on the porch to see what Billy Joe had done now."

Billy Joe had made a hole in one. He was back in a tight race with Snead and Hogan. On the 13th, though, he gambled for a birdie, found the creek before the green, took a 7, and his big chance was gone. It was enough to make any man crawl inside himself. "This is no funeral," Billy Joe said to his glum-faced gallery of 8,000. "Let's smile again." The remark soon transcended golf. Here was lesson enough not only for a golf fan but for anybody. "Let's smile again," editorialized the London *Sunday Times*, ". . . a suitable Easter text if ever there was one."

Morganton, Patton's home town in the foothills of western North Carolina, strung up a banner, "Welcome Home, Billy Joe—Mr. Masters 1954." At the local Mimosa Golf Club during the tournament, outgoing foursomes had pitched in a quarter apiece to phone Augusta. From hole to hole they had shouted the latest reports on Billy Joe. "It's a wonder they didn't have semaphore flags," observed a member, George Squillario. Lodge brothers brought portable radios to the Saturday poker games. Though his friends had seen him play brilliantly for years and win often around North Carolina, oddly enough, back home Billy Joe had to explain how he had come on to such great golf. Heretofore, in the big ones, Billy Joe had always blown up somewhere along the way. "We didn't know," says Stanley Moore, Morganton's editor, as if speaking of someone just risen from a psychiatrist's couch, "about Billy Joe's new attitude."

This new attitude, Billy Joe puts it simply, was born of nerves and stomach rumblings. "Before, I had always played like a mummy, a cold game. At a tournament, every time they rang the bell, I ooped my breakfast." At the town's big dinner in his honor, Billy Joe explained further, "I scored 75s and 78s in tournaments, but back home playing dollar golf I'd knock it around in 67 and 68, playing free and easy. I decided I would play at Augusta the way I played here, not letting the game get too serious."

On the course, neatly dressed, with rimless glasses and flecks of premature gray in his close-cut hair, Billy Joe looks like a junior executive, which is exactly the job he holds in a wholesale lumber business to support his wife, their three children, and his golf. He hardly seems the sort to charm a gallery by merely talking. But the crowd just naturally takes to a man who, in the staid play of the Open, shouts down the fairway, "Officer, there are people under those trees. When I hit this one, I'm liable to flush them like quail."

Billy Joe's backswing is considered the fastest in the game. He is very long from the tee—but oh, so wild at times. In this wildness, of course, he has a special kinship with the galleries. Billy Joe's tee shot often goes where the duffer's goes. Hole after hole in the Open a shriek of "Fore" rang up the narrow fairways at Baltusrol. Like skirmishers under mortar fire, the van of the gallery would scatter, heads hunched, as Billy Joe's ball rattled through the branches. There, 270 yards out from the tee in the deep rough, a knot of officials would gather like pallbearers at a gravesite, staring glumly down at this latest golfing atrocity.

Thrashing in the tall grass—which is fast becoming known as "Billy Joe country"—seems to fortify his soul, possibly because there, on the spectators' side of the ropes, Billy Joe can share his misery intimately with others. In the first round of the Open his gallery was a writhing mass of body English, as Billy Joe made one unbelievable recovery after another, whacking the ball between tree trunks and hooking it around bushes. He used the fairway on only seven of the 18 holes and still scored a one-under-par 69 to lead the field.

Patton's wild scrambling, out of one golfing mess after another, has amazed galleries for years, has at times thoroughly unnerved opponents, and once recently even baffled a distinguished partner. This July on the Burning Tree Course near Washington, teamed with President Eisenhower in a foursome, Patton recalls, "On the 18th I went into the rough. And from there I hit it behind a garage where they keep tractors, and then through a parking lot."

By the time Billy Joe finally appeared on the green the President had lost track. "Billy Joe," he asked, "is that your first or second ball?"

"I'm only playing one ball, Mr. President," said Billy Joe. "You just think it's two because I'm hitting it a lot."

GREGARIOUS as the day is long, Billy Joe swaps golf stories with his home town cronies at the Mimosa Golf Club



PATTON'S FAMILY [illegible] Betsy, Billy Betsy, 3, Charley, 7 months, and Joe, [illegible] rear of the remains wicked golfer





BACK PACKS FOR BUSH TRAVELING

A discussion of various means of toting a load in relative comfort

by JOHN DURANT

ONE of the devices Torquemada missed when he was in a torturing mood was the tumpline, the leather headband developed by the American Indian for toting everything movable from papoose boards to canoes. A northern Indian will not move without his tump. I once saw a band of Algonquins board a train in northern Quebec and every man hauled his luggage by tump, even those who had suitcases with good handles.

Agonizing though the tump is at times, it still remains the common denominator of bush travel.

For heavy packing the most usual method is the plain tump secured to a duffel bag forming the base of the load at the small of the back, with as many more sacks piled on top as you can stand. No shoulder straps. The whole load pulls back on the head and neck, making it impossible to turn your noggin even if Dagmar were taking a sun bath alongside the trail.

The one good thing about it is that you can shed the load in a flash by slipping the headstrap when stumbling over rough ground. Incidentally, when the load falls away, you feel like an ascending balloon.

Next up the notch is the pack harness, a skeleton arrangement of shoulder straps with tump added. It's a good rig for carrying two duffel bags strapped together, or for making up your own bundle encased in a pack cloth. It takes some doing, however, and considerable time to shape the bundle properly and if it doesn't "ride" right there's nothing worse.

In making up the bundle you first lay a pack cloth on the ground (six by seven feet is a good size), then place on it all the stuff you're going to carry and fold it so that it wraps into a snug, tight bundle. After the harness is fastened around it and tightened you take the whole thing aboard. The advantage of this kind of pack is its flexibility. It can be made into any size or shape and is shrinkable as you eat into your provisions. Against it is the time required to make it up, the danger of the weight being off center unless it's wrapped just so.

I am strong for the combination of shoulder straps and tump for bush travel and have little use for the various all-shoulder-strap affairs such as the knapsack and rucksack. These small packs are fine for short excursions, for the hiker who sleeps in at night and can replenish his provisions along the way. But they are not for the camper who must lug everything from start to finish.

When the going is hard he can slip out of the shoulder straps and use the tump. When the going is easy he can get relief by discarding the tump and using his straps.

The pack harness, although it has the combined arrangement, is not the answer mainly because of the headache involved in making it up. The Duluth type of packsack is the solution in my opinion, the nearest thing to perfection yet devised for bush packing. A big, tough sack with straight (as opposed to cross) shoulder straps and tump, it has a flap which comes halfway down the back, on which are three long adjustable straps so that the sack can be fitted for large or small loads. The shoulder straps are reinforced with riveted leather patches so firmly fastened that the sack could probably take a load of pig iron without ripping.

The big size will hold all the duffel and grub needed by one man for a week's sleeping-out cruise. It is low riding and surprisingly comfortable. Turned inside out and stuffed with leaves, it makes a good sleeping pillow. It stows well in a canoe.

That is one trouble with the pack basket, a wicker affair covered with canvas which is a favorite in some sections of the Northeast: it doesn't stow well in a canoe, being rigid, nor does its size diminish as you eat your way to the bottom of it. But it is a fine pack for bottles and sharp-edged cans since they cannot dig into your back as they sometimes do through a packsack. For the bush, however, it's too bulky and stiff and takes up too much room.

Another rigid device is the pack frame, popular in the Northwest. A canvas-covered wooden frame with thongs for tying on a load of any size or shape, it's a good rig for portaging heavy stuff. Like the pack basket, it is not pliable and a bit elaborate for a confirmed sack man, as I am.

The old north woods axiom "Go light, but right" still holds and the best way to follow that advice is to spurn the fancier rigs and make use of the old stand-bys—the canvas duffel bag, the smaller sacks for perishables, and the Duluth for the base pack, the foundation of the load. The perfect trip is one in which not an extra ounce is carried and ends in sight of civilization with the larder absolutely empty.

It takes close figuring to strike the balance between overloading and underdoing it. This became an annual game with a friend of mine to see how close we could come to the line on a 10-day canoe trip.

We used to figure on 30% of our provisions coming off the land—grouse and ducks in the fall and all the fish you could eat. At last, after getting closer each year, we finally came out just right. On the banks of the Coulonge River in Quebec on the edge of the first town we'd seen in several days, we finished the last scrap of food.

"Some day," my friend said, "they'll invent sacks of edible material and we can munch them the last couple of days and come back with nothing at all."

"Even edible tumplines?" I asked.

"No, not tumplines," he said, thinking of what they'd done to him on the portages. "If they could be eaten, I'd devour 'em the first day out."

DULUTH PACK, shown with tump in place and its straps loose, is most versatile.





PHOTOGRAPHED BY BOB AND IRA SPRING

A DATE ON MT. RAINIER

Four teen-agers explore a mountain and pitch camp in its towering crater

THE coolest place in the state of Washington for a summer date is the summit of *Mt. Rainier*, which towers 14,408 feet above the Pacific near Seattle. Accordingly four youngsters set out recently to scale Rainier, listen to their echoes in its ice caves and peer down its crevasses. They planned to camp overnight in the crater of the extinct volcano.

Carol and Joan Marston, who are 16 and 18, are both skilled alpinists and have topped each of the state's major peaks at least once. Carol is the youngest ever to accomplish this. Their friends Gary Rose and Dave Nicholson, both seasoned mountaineers at 18, helped plan the 10-day trip.

From the start the girls proved as accomplished as the boys, leaping crevasses, stemming ice chimneys, and rappelling like veterans *(next page)*. The party packed 180 pounds of food and equipment and the girls, slightly less laden than the boys, beat them to the summit by half an hour to stake out the best campsite.



KICKING his cramponed boot into hard surface of sloping ice bridge, Dave Nicholson gouges steps. At right, Joan Marston leads Gary, Carol and Dave across snow plain



CLIMBING in roped pairs, the youngsters pass a giant ice wall of the Cowlitz Glacier. Later the boys and girls paired off for a friendly race to the mountaintop.



RAPPELLING [illegible], enabled after Ranger [illegible], Carol Marston kicks away from precipice to descend a few feet at a time on mountaineer's rope made of nylon.





RESTING at crater's rim, the Marston sisters sun-bathe in temperature of 90 100°. At night mercury will drop to around 20.

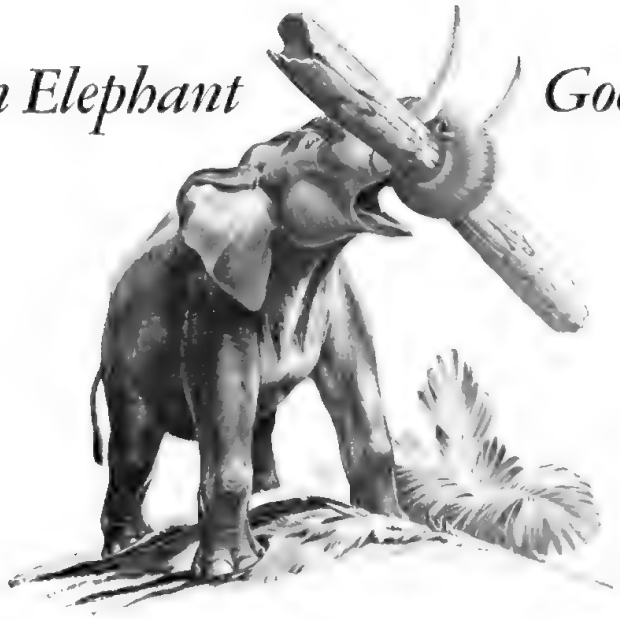


CAMPING in crater was awkward but luxurious. Steam fissures warmed tents, cooked pot of prunes overnight.



EXPLORING a cool grotto beneath Paradise Glacier, Gary Rose lights the way with a torch. Scalloped ice caves like this are swiftly carved by warm air penetrating cracks in glaciers.

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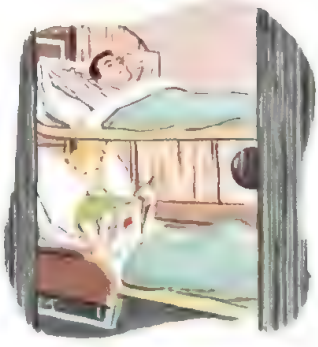
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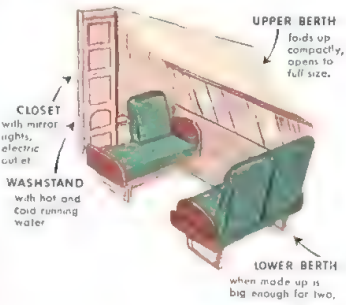
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PAN AMERICAN

ARMORED WARRIOR OF THE SOUTH

An alligator gar often grows longer than six feet and has a titan's strength. Pistol-packing fishermen find them an unusual challenge on light bass tackle



THE MENACING MAW of a big gar is displayed by the author, who had to put several bullets between the fish's eyes to kill it. The hooks of a lure must be rendered barbless in order to penetrate the gar's leather tough mouth.

by HART STILWELL

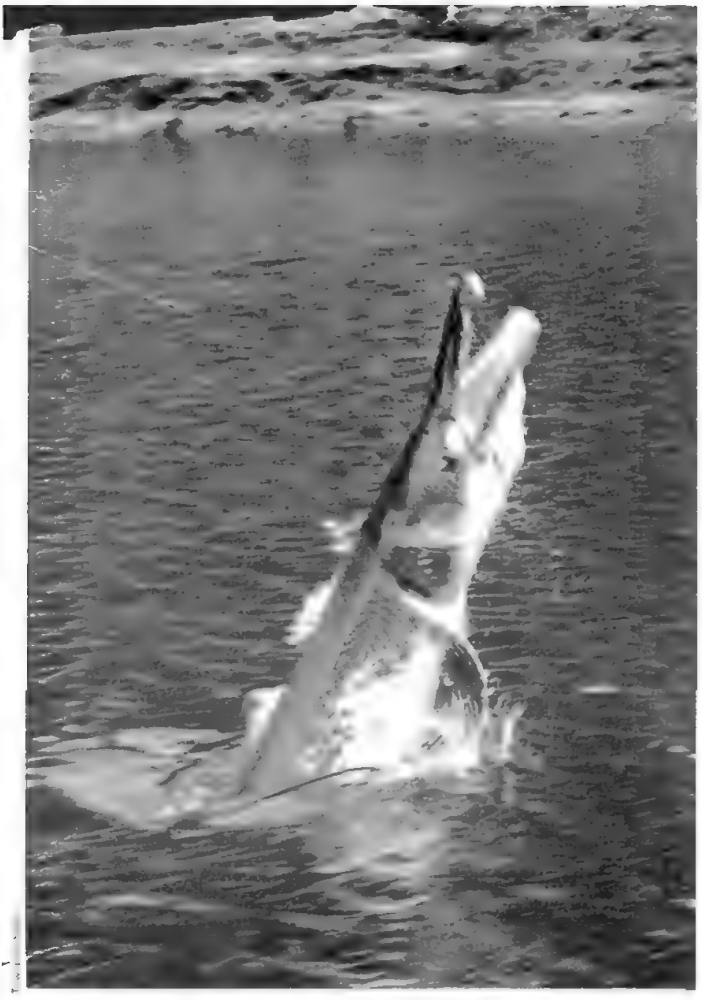
EVERY now and then an angler in the South, fishing from one of those lightweight car-top craft that are six or seven feet long, is treated to an extraordinary sight. He glances over the side and sees a fish lazing at the surface which is longer than his boat, and a good deal heavier. In fact, the fish may weigh more than the man, his craft and, if he has one, his anchor. The fish is likely to be an alligator gar, a living *relic from ancient times.*

This creature has a rudimentary lung which enables it to gulp breaths of air when the water is so muddy that other fish cannot exist in it. Its hide is so tough that an ax blow must be delivered just so, else the blade will glance off. (Farmers sometimes drag gars into fields and chop them open for hog feed.) But it is the head that will finally draw the eyes of the startled fisherman. It is wide, like an alligator's, with long powerful jaws lined with big teeth, a few of which may project casually from the end of the lower jaw for slashing purposes. A large alligator gar in the water appears threatening, like a bulldog on the steps of a home.

Fresh-water fishermen often catch these gars on bait, and many do in Mississippi, Alabama and Arkansas. I happen to prefer lures and with them give the beasts a working over when I get the chance. A gar injured my left hand one day and my attitude toward them has been hostile ever since. Dave Young and I were fishing for tarpon from the Texas bank of the Rio Grande, near its mouth. I had one new plug and three old ones—tarpon had taken the rest.

We had no action for a spell, and I got careless. I began reeling the lure in fast when it reached the little strip of murky water near shore. That was a mistake. If you retrieve slowly a gar will not usually bother your plug, nor is he likely to attack the lure in clear water. But in murky water where he doesn't see so well the gar often strikes.

One about six feet long hit my lure



JAWS AGAPE, A BIG ALLIGATOR GAR BREAKS WATER BEFORE RACING ACROSS THE RIVER

hard. It flailed about on the surface for a moment and then bolted. I settled down to the business of trying to save the plug. A gar will put on an amazing burst of speed when it first feels the hook, and its power in short bursts is terrific. In the air a gar will swing its head like a mace just as it does under water at prey. Sometimes it will leap clear, the picture of slashing fury. But the gar lacks the stamina of the tarpon. A tarpon that size could have run off my 150 yards of 20-pound test line in short order.

I found I was able to check the gar at the end of each series of runs. Fifteen minutes after he struck I worked him in near shore and Dave Young waded out and dragged him onto the sand by the steel leader. Then Young went for a club.

The sensible way to kill a gar is to shoot it between the eyes. If you have to do the job with a club, hit just in front of the eyes and keep at it. Dave did that. He banged away until the armor plate of the snout was shattered and the head flattened. The alligator gar lay quiet, so I got a grip on the plug, intending to cut it out and overhaul it.

But the fish came suddenly to life and drove a hook through the middle finger of my left hand, just above the bone. Then he began to flop. I jerked free, severing some tendons that still haven't grown back right. My war with the alligator started then and it isn't over yet.

The outstanding feature of the gar anatomy is its armor plate. The scales grow together in a solid covering and they in turn are covered with a sort of enamel. Dried out, the thick shell rings like a chunk of iron hit with an ax. I learned about that armor plate during the years I went out for gars at night with a lantern and a harpoon.

The only iron that will hold a big one is a harpoon with a flanged barb that opens as the gar pulls against the rope. Unless I hit the armor exactly center, the single-pointed iron invariably bounced off.

Occasionally I hit a gar just right, always with interesting results. One night I ran up on a whopper so close I was able to plunge the steel deep into him without having to throw the rig. Before I could jerk the shaft free, the gar charged under the boat, pitching me overboard as the shaft whacked against the side and snapped off.

So tough is the plate of a gar that the Indians made arrowheads from individual scales which, when dry, resemble ivory. In the coastal country of the Gulf of Mexico, home of the alligator gar, this came in handy, since there is no flint in that area for arrowhead making. Coastal Indians actually preferred it to flint since it wouldn't shatter on hitting a tree.

There are four kinds of gars, three small and one big. The small ones, which average around two pounds but may work up to 30, are the longnose, shortnose and spotted. They all look a lot alike, having the typical cigar shape of the gar family. They spend most of their time loafing at the surface.

The alligator gar reaches huge proportions. The largest authenticated specimen I know about weighed 320 pounds and was just under 10 feet long. Gars over 100 pounds are fairly common in good gar waters, such as the Mississippi and its tributaries. The range of the alligator gar is the coastal plain of the Gulf of Mexico and a small range farther inland. The other gars are found as far north as Canada.

Alligator gars prefer sluggish, even stagnant waters. They are free spawners, getting together in some favored pool and staging a sort of Roman holiday, the females dropping eggs any old place, the males fertilizing any old eggs.

For the fisherman who wants to catch an alligator gar, the best bet is to reverse most of the procedure followed in bass fishing, even to selecting the water. In Texas most people who deliberately fish for gar use live bait, which means bait that was once alive or part of something that was alive. Dedicated gar fishermen claim a dead bird is the best bait of all, but dead birds aren't easy to come by, the laws being what they are. Anything that stinks works well—though fresh fillets of fish are used in Arkansas, and along

the Gulf Coast mullet are best of all.

The man with a bass-casting rig can catch gars, and if he will go to the right waters the big ones may stage a show for him. I went to such a place *not long ago with Joe Lagow, who helps* run a big ranch that is swampy and crisscrossed with drainage ditches.

The prize fishing spot we visited was about 20 feet across and perhaps four feet deep, and you wouldn't have watered a brindle steer in the soupy stuff. Leading from the slough was a still narrower drain ditch. A little water was trickling into the slough through a gate in the drainage system, and an assembly of huge gars was waiting to see what came through the gate.

I was using fairly sturdy bass-casting tackle, with a short steel leader. A light tarpon-casting rig, with a 30-pound test line, is much better but it's too unwieldy in most fresh-water fishing. The bass rig serves, as a fellow Texan demonstrated recently in landing a 130-pounder. I had "rigged" my lures by filing off the barbs, then honing the hooks to a needle point. The big job in hanging a gar is to drive a hook into his bony mouth. A barb works just fine in keeping you from doing that.

I cast to the far side of the mudhole and brought the lure toward me, retrieving it fairly fast even though the water was muddy. A big one clamped his jaws shut on the plug. The barbless hooks skimmed into him. He began flying apart.

When you hang a six-foot gar in a puddle like that your first impulse is to get the hell away before he comes ashore and saws off a leg. I've seen big ones actually charge up onto the bank. That one boiled and popped and threshed—and then suddenly shot off down the little ditch. I raced after him and in a few seconds it was the gar's turn to hang me up—on a fence. Joe crawled through and took my rig to continue the chase. By the time I caught up with him the gar had fastened the lure on some reeds and jerked free.

We went back to the mudhole, and later in the day visited two others. In all we raised about 50 gars, hung 15 of them, and landed five ranging from four to five feet, nine inches.

Mudholes aside, the best waters for hanging big gars on lures are those rivers in which there are tarpon, provided you can find some murky water. Almost invariably you find the two ranging together in rivers of the Gulf Coast, and at times the gars practically take over, particularly on the Rio Grande.

Most U.S. fishermen have never tasted gar, but Mexican anglers back the fish open with an ax, dig out the meat, most of which is toward the tail, and cook it up into something they call *catan*. It looks like a cross between a French-fried potato and a chitlin, *smells awful but tastes all right*. The French in Louisiana put together a dish made of gar meat balls and an assortment of sauces that is really a production.

The *catan* fishermen around the Rio Grande uses miniature rafts and sails in spotting their gar bait. When trolling for tarpon, you must constantly go around the rafts, and bad feeling develops at times. Still the relationship is usually congenial, as it was on the day Townsend Miller, a man who has almost dedicated his life to gar fishing and gar study, was with me on a tarpon trip

We trolled near some of the *catan* fishermen and they wanted to see our baits. When we showed them the plugs they said we could never catch gars on them.

"Let's go show them," I said, and we set out for a gar hangout along a submerged sand bar where the water was a *bit murky and we could see gars* splashing about. Within two minutes Townsend had a big one on. He beat it down with his tarpon rig and we gently led it to the *catan* fishermen.

They were excited and grateful, having had poor luck with their bait-trailing rafts. So, since no tarpon were moving, we went back and hauled another gar to them, then another. We caught five, not a one under five feet long.

The next day we found the Mexican shoreline lined with *catan* fishermen hoping we'd catch some gars for them. I was almost sorry that the tarpon were striking. To me gars are ugly and worthless, and one of them fixed my finger so it may never be right, but they are my secret substitute for tarpon.



AUTHOR STILWELL BELABORS GAR WITH COWBONE. HE HAD TO FINISH JOB WITH A GUN

MY MIDSUMMER NIGHTMARE *continued from page 35*

a while and then blithely announced one day that he was transferring the whole works—team, deficit and all—to Bristol, Conn.

Bristol, it seemed, was itching for a professional ball team. We got some wonderful publicity; Lester spoke to the Elks, Lions and the Rotary clubs, and we were allowed to rent a beautiful municipal park, Muzzy Field. The seats even had backs on them, and part of the stands were actually covered. Our hopes went soaring.

For our opening day, we arranged a pre-game cocktail party and buffet. I had figured things out nicely with the caterer: the beautiful roasts which backed up the platters of sliced meat, he was sure, would survive the buffet and he would use them for the Automobile Club the next day. Just give them all plenty to drink, we told each other. We did. When game time drew near, one local official after another lifted the roasts from their various platters and departed, still chewing away. Lester, of course, made it up to the caterer.



At the ball park, we were confronted with catastrophe. The manager met us, screaming. "The uniforms!" he sobbed wildly. "They forgot to ship the uniforms! We're naked!"

The uniforms were in Boston, 115 miles away. We couldn't put the team on the field in their underwear. It looked hopeless—until we spotted Tom, a young man who spent his spare time hanging around the ball park when he wasn't out flying in his private plane. Tom burned up the road to the airport and rocketed into the sky, Boston bound. He must have flown on wings of grace, for he was back with the uniforms in time for us to start only half an hour late.

Altogether it was an exciting opening. We drew 2,671 paid admissions and a total of 5,000 spectators—the usual ratio. But we won from Waterbury 7 to 6, and the crowd loved us.

In the weeks which followed, we developed all sorts of gimmicks to step up our paid attendance. I hawked programs with lucky numbers, with prizes for the winners. On Mother's Day we decided to give away an orchid to the oldest mother, until it dawned on me that this was a terrible idea because no orchid is worth the truth about a woman's age. I quickly switched that one to giving an orchid to the mother with the most children. It made me feel like Mussolini launching an up-the-birth-rate program, but everybody was happy.

Constant huckstering took its toll of me, but how my husband survived that summer I will never know. In the morning he drove from Westchester to Wall Street. After a full day at the office he drove back, collected me and a clean shirt and then drove two hours to Bristol. Once he arrived he never sat still. I traced him by the cigaret butts littering the places where he had been. Usually we didn't get home until 3 or 4 in the morning—and the next day he started all over again.

I must say I was never bored. To me baseball opened its homelier side—the players' troubles, the constant messages during games to players and fans: "Find Sam Romano and tell him to deliver those chickens he promised me," or: "You tell Billy to come right home, he's supposed to be in bed at 9," or: "Don't disturb him, but I'd just like to know if my husband is *really* at the ball game."

And there were other diversions. Carlos Bernier, for instance, our Puerto Rican flash who made news last week in the Pacific Coast League by slapping an umpire. When Carlos arrived he introduced us effusively to his buddy, the Yellow Cab driver who had brought him all the way up from New York's LaGuardia Field. "That'll be $24.10," the buddy said. It was cheap at the price. Carlos scored 129 runs for us that season and stole 84 bases.

By the season's end we had won 82 games and lost 47, and the pennant was ours again. What was vastly more gratifying was our record of paid admissions: 62,485 as against some 32,000 the year before. And then the championship play-offs went sour.

As usual when we were a winning team, attendance shrank—this time to 300 or 400 an evening. The lights failed. It rained. As a crowning blow, we were notified just before the final game that our three best players, including our player-manager, had been suspended for playing semipro ball in West Haven.

But Lester rose to the occasion. Of course, this was what he had been waiting for—a chance to manage the team. He doubled the players' meal money, shifted outfielders, infielders and pitchers all over the place, even put in the trainer as a pinch hitter. We won the game 7 to 1. Said the Bristol *Press* next day: "Osterman looked happier with his victory than a kid with a lot of new toys on Christmas."

That game, I think, was the climax of our baseball career. Lester was elected vice president of the league that winter, but the league itself died in midseason of the following year. Some said it was television, some blamed it on cloud-seeding. Whatever it was, we had to hang up the sign: "CLOSED FOR THE SEASON, AND FOR ALL SEASONS."

After our last game I sat in the pitch darkness of the stadium and, for the first time, looked at the future again. I dreamed sweet dreams of repose and revenge: I'd redecorate the house, give away the TV set, and I'd serve ham for dinner every evening for a year—just ham, which I love and Lester hates.

And yet I had the nagging feeling that I was burying a friend. Baseball and I had been stanch enemies for years. But I had been exposed to so many people to whom it was the breath of life itself that some of it must have rubbed off on to me.

A few days later I found Lester in our bedroom, busily packing a suitcase. "Oh," he said. "Hello, darling. I'm off to Boston. I hear the Braves are for sale."

"Aren't they in last place?" I asked, wondering what that flutter in my heart meant.

"Yes. But they just need a little building up. Want to come along?"

I thought for a minute, a little minute. I realized that Lester has got to end up owning some part of a major-league ball club. It's our inevitable fate. And I thought of Laraine Day and the glamorous life she leads, writing books and being on TV shows. Anything she could do. . . .

"Yes," I told Lester. "I'm coming."

It was a nice trip, but Milwaukee got the Braves. Maybe it's just as well.



YOU SHOULD KNOW if you are going to take up bird watching

Lots of company

There are about five and one-half billion breeding land birds of some 600 species in the U.S. at this time of the year, and you will have the company of about two million Americans who regularly take to the woods and fields to watch them.

• • •

Book & binoculars

Two items are a must from the beginning:

1. A copy of Roger Tory Peterson's *A Field Guide to the Birds* (Houghton Mifflin, $3.75). Read Peterson's four-page introduction on "How to Use This Book" and you are ready to take to the field with

2. A pair of binoculars. Start out with an inexpensive pair—who knows, birds may bore you. Your mounting interest will lead you eventually to a price range of from $25 to $200 for this piece of equipment. When you become a more seasoned bird watcher you will consider a $25 pair excellent starting equipment for children. Bausch & Lomb makes the top grade American binoculars. Some of the new Japanese six- seven- and eight-power binoculars also are excellent. Their optics are superb and a few are no bigger than the palm of your hand. When you get out into the field you will observe that the Bausch & Lomb balscope is becoming the vogue with the newer bird-watching generation. This is a 60-mm telescope mounted on a tripod and lists complete for $136.35. There are two things to watch for when buying glasses —make sure the lenses are both color-corrected and coated. Color correction means that true color value is transmitted through the glass and coating insures that extraneous light glare is reduced to a minimum, thus producing maximum light transmission. There are two numbers on binoculars. The first indicates magnification power and the larger number refers to the lens diameter in millimeters. The greater the diameter, the bigger your field of view and the better your light.

• • •

You can go to the birds

Birds are most active at sunrise, and being out in the woods on a clear, brisk morning can be one of nature's most rewarding experiences. Actually, there is no closed season for bird watching but when it rains, birds take cover, and when it is too hot they rest and are not easily found. Peak seasons of the year are during the spring and fall migrations.

• • •

Or send for them

You can start the whole family off on being interested in birds by setting up a bird-feeding station. This attracts many species that ordinarily wouldn't light in your area. The first feeder should be an open one, such as a shelf at a window or a tray on a post. The first food should be conspicuous—chunks of white bread. Birds will spot the bread from a block away and investigate. When they get used to this, feed them sunflower seeds, suet and peanut butter.

• • •

How to sit

There is no special clothing for bird watching; anything in a comfortable sports outfit will do. Veterans also equip themselves with a shooting stick. This double-purpose walking stick and chair has a handle which opens into a seat, the stick and your two legs forming a tripod from which you can maintain a steady hand while focusing your binoculars. This handy aid will cost from $13.50 to $30.

• • •

Rash precaution

Bird watchers have no special immunity from poison ivy (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Aug. 16). Try using Kerodex if you are susceptible. This cream, when spread on exposed parts of the body, is about the best protection developed to date.

If you are going deep into the woods, carry a Kumbak. This is a combination compass, waterproof match box and whistle. It slips into the pocket and costs $2.75.

YOU SHOULD KNOW *continued*

Learn to hear

After learning how to identify birds by sight, you will want to identify them by ear. Norma and Jerry Stillwell have prepared two volumes of authentic bird songs on 33⅓ long-playing microgroove records, each priced at $7.95. In addition, Cornell University Press and Book-Records, Inc. have published a textbook and a record packet titled *Songbirds of America* ($4.95), compiled by Cornell Ornithologists Arthur A. Allen and Peter P. Kellogg.

• • •

Learn to talk

Next you will want to talk to birds. For centuries Europeans have been using a bird-calling device which is becoming popular in this country. One type, invented by Roger Eddy and known as the Audubon Bird Call, sold 450,000 last year alone. It costs $1.50. Anyone can work it immediately; all you do is twist a pewter peg that is set in a birch cylinder. The sound does not imitate any particular bird song; curiosity seems to lure them.

• • •

Keeping score

Keeping score is fun. The National Audubon Society, 1130 Fifth Ave., New York 28, can supply you with daily field cards, 10 for 20¢ or 100 for $1.75. These cards are broken down regionally into the Pacific states, the Central United States or east of the Mississippi. Scoring can be done by day, by year or for life. The "lifers" are the real thrill of this game. A "lifer" is the first bird of a particular species you have ever seen. Bird watchers will swap tales of rare "lifers" for hours. Scoring birds can develop into a real competitive hobby.

• • •

Be a joiner

The National Audubon Society has a junior membership for children and it is estimated that since 1910 nine million children have enrolled. Among the many benefits, attractive publications about birds and animals are sent to members. For the adults, two-week summer sessions are held in each of the Audubon's three camps: Todd Wildlife Sanctuary near Portland, Me., the Audubon Center, Greenwich, Conn., and Donner Pass in the High Sierra, Norden, Calif. The *Audubon Magazine* can come your way for $3.00 a year. Memberships range from the regular fee of $5.00 a year to life memberships at $200. There are several hundred local Audubon clubs in the U.S., most of them affiliated with the national group. Drop a line to 1130 Fifth Ave. and the Audubon Society will tell you the local club nearest you.

• • •

More books

The First Book of Birds by Margaret Williamson (Franklin Watts, Inc. $1.75) makes an excellent gift for very young children. Older children will enjoy John Kieran's *Introduction to Birds* (Garden City Books, $2.95). One of the most valuable books for the bird watcher is Dr. Olin Sewall Pettingill Jr.'s *A Guide to Bird Finding East of the Mississippi* (Oxford University Press, $6.00) and a second volume for the area west of the Mississippi. It lists the best bird regions state by state and breaks them down to the nearest cities. The different species in the regions, how to get there and the seasons in which the birds appear are features of the book. A unique service offered by the guide is a complete listing of bird sanctuaries in North America. A handsome gift for any bird lover is *Land Birds of America*, by Robert Cushman Murphy and Dean Amadon (McGraw-Hill, $5.95). The color plates are superb.

• • •

Watching in the rain

On rainy weekends, take the family to see the colorful bird exhibits at your local museum. For information on your nearest and most complete natural history museum, write to the National Research Council, National Academy of Science, Washington, D.C., or to the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D.C. Your state library or state university can also furnish you with the names of all good natural history museums in your area. Happy watching.

—by The Know-it-all



SOMETHING IN THE AIR

TO MILLIONS OF WEEPING, SNEEZING AMERICANS IT IS OPEN SEASON FOR HAY FEVER

THE 15TH OF AUGUST was no ordinary Sunday. Par golfers muffed "gimme" putts. Expert tennis players repeatedly double-faulted. Veteran campers and picnickers fled from the woods and fields. The common cause: a runny nose, a burning, parched throat, itching, gushing eyes and paroxysms of sneezing.

For at least three and possibly seven million Americans, August 15 was opening day of the late summer hay fever season—as it has been since man first sneezed. By the end of the week, hundreds of thousands of sufferers were crisscrossing the country in search of refuge. But not until the first frost of October will hay fever victims draw an easy breath again.

Despite an arsenal of powerful drugs and potent sprays, hay fever remains one of the most constant human complaints. If left untreated, 60% of the cases will eventually develop into chronic bronchial asthma, according to one expert. Hay fever, however, is seldom taken seriously by anyone except perhaps the poor victim. And he's more likely to be twitted than pitied.

Medically speaking, the term "hay fever" is completely misleading. It doesn't produce a fever, and it isn't caused by hay. Four times out of five the culprit is ubiquitous, almost indestructible, ragweed. This ugly plant (it flourishes in about 60 different varieties) alone spews a quarter of a million tons of yellow pollen into the country air each summer. Other, more localized, provocateurs are pollen from any or all of some 30 weeds that include thistle, tumbleweed, lamb's quarters, sage and hemp. "Goldenrod, too," you might add. But no. Goldenrod and all other plants pollinated by insects are blameless. Only pollens blown and spread by the wind cause hay fever.

Ragweed flourishes in nearly every quarter of the U.S., but the Midwest is by far the most infested section (*see map*). Here, hot dry summer winds whip clouds of yellow pollen as high as a mile above the ground and then scatter it over vast areas. It doesn't take much to send an allergic person sneezing. A pollen count of 25 or more is enough; this means only 25 microscopic bits of pollen drifting in a cubic yard of air.

For the thousands of sufferers who pack off for vacation to escape the ravages of hay fever, Oren C. Durham, chairman of the American Academy of Allergy's pollen survey committee, compiles a ragweed index each year on some 600 cities. Any place with a rating of 10 spells trouble. Dallas, Texas and Coldwater, Mich., otherwise pleasant towns to visit, have the appalling rating of 190. For the hay fever sufferer, one sniff of Dallas or Coldwater air is like rolling in a bin of ragweed.

The Far West, Rocky Mountain states, eastern Florida and northern New England are the only relatively



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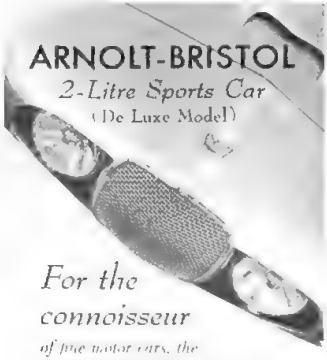
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pollen-free areas of the country. "Relatively," because an .ll wind has been known to blow no good pollen as far as 100 miles. The safest refuges are outside the U.S.—Alaska, Bermuda, Hawaii, Cuba and parts of Canada. The only foolproof escape, however, is not on land at all but at sea—so long as the ship stays in mid-ocean.

For all the misery hay fever creates, science has yet to discover a panacea. The best defense is inoculations of pollen extract. They help about eight out of 10 people but must be repeated each year and started weeks or months before the sneezing season begins. So if you've put off getting shots, it will do little good to rush to the doctor now.

Antihistamines, while no cure, are *the next best thing.* Taken by pill, capsule, elixir, syrup, injection, eye and nose drop, ointment, lotion and nasal spray, they throw up a chemical barrier against insidious particles of pollen and unblock clogged, dripping noses. Since the most concentrated attacks of hay fever come very early in the morning or quite late at night, the drowsy side effect of antihistamines may also provide sleep as well as relief.

EXPERT OPINION

"Is there any cure for hay fever?" a patient of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes once asked.

"Yes," he answered. "Gravel . . . taken about eight feet deep."

If drugs don't work, if shots won't *take and you can find no place to hide,* doctors offer some other suggestions. Admittedly, they demand a strong will:

- Wear a mask over nose and mouth.
- Cut out smoking and stay out of smoke-filled rooms.
- Avoid alcohol; it tends to dilate blood vessels just as do the pollens. Also avoid spiced foods, perfumes, toilet water, scented cosmetics and powdered soap.
- Keep house and car windows shut when pollen is ran pant.
- Avoid exertion, fatigue and changes in temperature.
- Stay in air-conditioned buildings as long as possible.
- Don't fight with your wife and children; emotional tension is believed to set off some attacks of hay fever.

As the pollen count soared higher and higher last week, one doctor was heard advising an itching, weeping, sneezing, wheezing patient: "Spend the next six weeks in a 'no smoking,' air-conditioned theater watching a dull, unemotional movie."

displacing 266 cubic inches. *Slo-Mo III* was hot—she could do 96 mph—but she could never do better than second place in the local closed-course competitions because she couldn't accelerate fast enough to make her speed count.

This, of course, was strictly bush-league racing, and Sayres was a bush-league driver who had never even won an important race. When he decided to go after the big-time trophies in Detroit he caused so little stir it is doubtful if the powerboat brotherhood even knew he was interested. They had dominated the Gold Cup and the Harmsworth Trophy for so many years that outside entrants were not of any great importance. Automobile manufacturers' sons and wealthy executives for the most part, they could feel with reason that they had the ultrahigh-speed class sewed up.

The atmosphere of indifference was fine by Sayres, who wanted nothing more than peace and quiet as he concentrated his thoughts and energy on *Slo-Mo-Shun IV*. Into this boat Sayres put the fruit of all his years of racing and thinking about hulls and engines. She was radically different—flat, triangular, designed to rise and ride on two tiny sponsons which, with the propeller and a bit of the bottom of her main strut, were the only parts to come in contact with the water. For power she was given an Allison aircraft engine with 1,500 horses—almost enough to make her get up and fly. But through 1948 and 1949, while *Slo-Mo IV* was abuilding, the main question still was whether she would swim.

Anchor Jensen, a Seattle boatbuilder who was even less well known in racing circles than Stan Sayres, did the actual construction. A crew of unpaid, unknown but enthusiastic experts helped to install the engine. They didn't know it then, but they were starting on a project which was to involve 30,000 unpaid man-hours of labor in the next four years.

In early 1950, *Slo-Mo IV* was tried out for the first time on Lake Washington. To the lakeside residents, she was a spectacular but unloved sight—a roaring skate of a craft that spouted a 30-foot roosterlike tail of water in its wake and scared the daylights out of rowboaters and sailing crews as it zipped past. Sayres's popularity was not increased; neither was his fame in racing circles.

One two-mile run changed all that. On June 26, 1950, Sayres called for official checkers, put on a crash helmet and calmly ran down a one-mile course and back again—at 160.323 mph, a new world's record for anything afloat.

News of the record had barely penetrated the Detroit boating strongholds when Sayres showed up in person with his outlandish craft and his amateur crew. On July 22, *Slo-Mo IV* resolved whatever doubts the previously complacent Detroiters might have had. She did a 30-mile heat in the Gold Cup at 80.892 mph, a new record, and took the race itself at 78.216, also a new mark. Even the six-knot current, ground swells and floating bottles of the Detroit River didn't faze her unbelievable speed and acceleration. All that other owners saw of Ted Jones, the driver, was the back of his head, for 90 miles.

A week later, after testing and checking the boat, Sayres handed a driver's helmet to Lou Fageol and sat back while Fageol took *Slo-Mo IV* through the 80 miles of the Harmsworth race. Total average speed: 95.903 mph, a record.

In Detroit, there were grim faces. The Gold Cup and the Harmsworth Trophy had been taken about as far away as they could possibly go within the limits of the continental U.S.A. And it was obvious that it was going to take some doing to get them back again. The trend at Detroit that winter was toward rebuilding—mostly along the lines of *Slo-Mo IV*.

As for Stan Sayres, he found his life changed radically. When he returned to Seattle with the Gold Cup and the Harmsworth Trophy tucked under his arms, the city promptly fell on his neck. Seattle was trying hard to build up a summer tourist attraction under the name of "Seattle Seafair," and Stanley Sayres the Speedboat King was just what the promotion needed. The Gold Cup was a made-to-order centerpiece for a summer-long show, and Sayres himself rapidly became an institution. Before he knew it, he found himself making speeches, displaying Slo-Mos at fund-raising rallies and—most surprising of all—receiving the benefits of a newspaper campaign designed to keep the Slo-Mos at the top of the U.S. speedboat class.



FROM WINDOW OF THEIR HOME MRS. SAYRES SEES STAN GO BY IN "SLO-MO V"

The logic of this latter undertaking was a simple one: To keep Seattle on the racing map, Seattle had to keep the Gold Cup, and Sayres had to go on turning out Slo-Mos. Thus it happened that Seattle undertook to contribute a goodly share of the expenses involved in manufacturing ultrafast boats—$27,500 in 1952, a large share of the $62,000 needed in 1953 and much of the $45,000 operating costs in 1954. Sayres himself had certain reservations about this. "I wonder," he took to musing, "what will happen if I ever lose a race!"

Meanwhile he went ahead and built *Slo-Mo V*, to be ready for the Detroiters' attempted comeback in 1951. For this, he planned to use a Rolls-Royce Merlin engine, a piece of news which cheered Detroit. The Merlin had been tried before, but nobody had succeeded in getting it to work properly. In closed-course races, an engine has to be flexible enough to shift rapidly from

full-throttle acceleration to sudden deceleration and back again, something not required of the airplanes for which the Merlin was built. But Sayres had studied the problem, and figured he knew a way out. It looked as though he did.

From the competition's viewpoint, 1951 was a worse year than the preceding one. *Slo-Mo V*, after a trial run in Pendleton, ran away in the Gold Cup, tearing around Lake Washington at 90.871 mph to beat the previous year's record.

But troubles soon began to plague Sayres's newest craft, and the 1952 cup race proved the value of a two-boat team, if nothing else. *Slo-Mo V* was leading the first heat when her cylinder block cracked. *Slo-Mo IV* also failed to finish when she lost her propeller. For a while the cup seemed to be on its way back to Detroit. The *Slo-Mo* crew, however, made a lightning switch of propellers between heats and had *Slo-Mo IV* ready when the next heats began. To the horrified chagrin of his competitors, Sayres's older boat proceeded to run away from the field in the last two heats and hold the trophy in Seattle.

So far, nobody had built a boat that could touch the Slo-Mos; but 1953 brought more trouble. Three days before the Gold Cup, *Slo-Mo V* whipped a broken propeller through her bottom, sending Lou Fageol out of the cockpit in record time while the crazily spinning shaft reached for the seat of his trousers. The boat was beached—in time to save her from a total loss, but even round-the-clock work couldn't fix the $5,000 damage in time for the race. It was up to *Slo-Mo IV* again, and Joe Taggart and Lou Fageol brought her home once more at 92.571 mph for a third race record.

Meanwhile, *Slo-Mo V* continued to balk. In the Silver Cup at Detroit she developed trouble in an early lap and retired. During trials at Martinsville, W. Va. she blew up and seemed gone for good. Only in the President's Cup at Washington, D.C. did the boat show to any advantage. She stayed patched long enough to win that one.

But Stan Sayres is a stubborn man. He studied the Merlin some more and made some changes, and in 1954 he showed up with the same combination —the Merlin in *Slo-Mo V* and the Allison in *Slo-Mo IV*. In this, his fifth year as the boss man of the fastest motorboats in the world, he faced his biggest challenge. By the time the year was well under way, more than a dozen boats were scheduled for the Gold Cup —and every one of them looked almost exactly like a Slo-Mo. One Californian auto racer, in fact, announced his intention of getting the cup "even if I have to spend a million to do it." Sayres takes him seriously; the Californian has the million and Sayres doesn't.

With this kind of competition, Slo-Mos and racing now dominate Sayres's life completely. What started as a personal hobby has now been publicly accepted by the entire city of Seattle. People there now speak of "our boats." This gives Stan Sayres a warm feeling of oneness with his community, but it has ended privacy for him and his family. From May to September the Sayres residence is a hotel, with anywhere from 10 to 20 extra mouths to feed at every meal in the racing weeks —crew members, manufacturer's representatives, friends and even, now and then, complete strangers.

Once Madeleine Sayres asked her husband to introduce her to a man whom she had seen around for several days. Sayres didn't know him either. But to the guest it was simple. "I've always been interested in boats," he said, "and I just wanted to watch while you got ready for the race." Yes, he assured them, the food was fine, and he'd love to meet members of the family, any time.

COMING OFF BEND ON 3¾-MILE LAP, "SLO-MO V" LEADS 1954 FIELD ON WAY TO SAYRES'S FIFTH STRAIGHT GOLD CUP WIN



The inevitable fringe of lunatics and gamblers also has put in its appearance. Calls demanding information—"the real inside dope"—became so frequent and insistent that Sayres had to resort to an unlisted phone. Night prowlers showed up so often that it became necessary to round up volunteers to patrol the grounds for weeks before a race. And the guest list swelled to the point where a catering organization had to be brought in at race time.

Sometimes, but not often, there have been complaints from neighbors, but Sayres has grown relaxed about them. The only calls he has had recently were from an elderly lady who threatened to get the seagoing police if Sayres didn't stop ruining her bulkhead with his wake (an easy one, since a Slo-Mo at 100 mph leaves less wake than a rowboat) and from a minister who inquired if the Slo-Mos would be running on a certain Sunday afternoon. Expecting trouble, Sayres admitted that they probably would.

"Well, I just wondered," said the minister, "if you'd mind having one of them come in close to my house. I have some guests, and I'd like to be sure that they see them."

Not only the boats but the Sayreses' home has become a prime attraction for the curious. Their wide-windowed house is just an hour's pleasant cruise from most of Seattle's boat moorings, where several thousand boats tie up. So any sunny summer afternoon is likely to bring a procession around the point, with all heads turned toward the house and the Slo-Mo sheds. "If the water were any deeper," Sayres said recently, "I think they'd come right through the windows. It's a little embarrassing when you go for a drink of water in your undershirt and see three boatloads of people looking in."

These, however, are minor anxieties compared to the big irritation in Stan Sayres's life. He is now 57 years old, and out of 16 races or tries for records in the boats which he created he has driven in only four—twice on exhibitions, twice on straightaway speed runs. The boss man wants to run a boat himself, but his blood pressure, his family, his friends and his business associates just won't let him.

"All of them," he admits, "say the same thing: I can drive all I want in testing or even on speed runs, but not in races.

"Still, I could drive the Harmsworth if they have it this year. That's a longer course and the boats don't jam up the way they do in the Gold Cup. Maybe. . . ."



AIRBASE CLASSIC

At Columbus 160 racers saw Jim Kimberly win U.S. title

by JOHN BENTLEY

YOU WERE reminded of an extravagant, colorful party thrown by a very popular fellow who is about to leave on a long journey—perhaps never to return. The occasion was the second annual sports car race meet at Lockbourne Air Force Base, held August 8 under the sponsorship of the Sports Car Club of America. There were about 160 drivers representing an entry of 187 cars—the largest ever received by the Sports Car Club of America in seven years of continuous racing.

The handshakes and greetings that renewed acquaintances carried a special warmth, for in everyone's mind lurked the fear that this might be the last of the big Eastern SAC (Strategic Air Command) airfield races backed by General Curtis LeMay, a true racing enthusiast. The Turner AFB event, scheduled for October 23-24 at Albany, Ga., has been canceled for economic reasons, and the wind-up of a dozen major 1954 SAC events will take place November 7 at March AFB in Riverside, Calif. No commitments have been made between the Air Force and the Sports Car Club beyond that date, and whether the program of racing will be renewed for 1955 is anybody's guess.

This uncertainty results from the efforts of Rep. Erett P. Scrivner, Republican, Kansas, to induce Congress to put an end to AFB races on the grounds that they encourage a waste of manpower and public funds. Actually, airmen's benefit funds last year netted some $500,000 from SAC races, and the majority of AFB personnel welcomed the events as a pleasant and profitable diversion. It surely can be argued that the policing of such events represents a useful exercise of manpower. The Air Force (and the Sports Car Club) position was stated eloquently by General Gates at the Chanute, Ill. AFB trophy dinner: "You don't offer your kid a dime to shine your shoes, then, when he's done the job, withhold the dime because he's used up shoe polish, electric light and a polishing cloth."

However, if Lockbourne proves to have been the last eastern airport meeting, it at least provided a brilliant finale. Most of the stars of the U.S. racing firmament were present—among them name drivers whose performances have given the sport its impetus. Briggs Cunningham, Jim Kimberly, Sherwood Johnston, Bill Lloyd, Phil Walters and former S.C.C.A. President Fred Wacker spoke for the "big boys"; Jim Simpson and Rees Makins headed the small-car contingent, which numbered drivers from almost every state and Canada.

In the vast echoing hangar reserved for competitors' cars there stood a vivid, gleaming collection of hand-built European machines worth at least half a million dollars. Among them were seven Ferraris, eight Oscas, 25 Jaguars, 18 Austin-Healeys, 23 Porsches, six Triumphs and 40 MG's, besides such makes as Singer, Lotus, Bandini, Siata, Cisitalia, Moretti, Kieft, Lester, Arnolt-Bristol, Kurtis-Kraft, Excalibur, Allard, the two big Chrysler-powered Cunninghams back from the European races of Le Mans and Rheims and a whole collection of specials, lovingly assembled by ingenious enthusiasts. Italy, Britain and Germany were, as usual, predominant among the representative makes.

By winning the Buckeye trophy—the 42-lap, 150-mile main event of the day—"Gentleman Jim" Kimberly secured beyond challenge his claim to the 1954 sports car driving championship. Kimberly, who with his brilliant red 4.5-litre Ferrari has won 16 out of 17 events this season, faced his most serious competition to date. Lined up against him were the 4.5 Ferraris of Bill Spear and Phil Walters, the Cunninghams driven by Johnston and Briggs Cunningham, some very fast Allards, notably those of Fred Warner and Lieut. Col. Reed Tilley, two

continued on page 85

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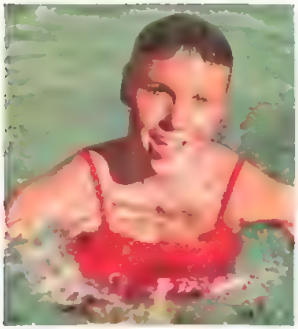
Ultron's handsome good looks and rich, full-bodied feel tell a big part of the quality story. Tailoring details like these tell the rest: unique ventilation system that does away with uncomfortable "steaming" . . . deep roomy pockets . . . button, snap, or zipper closures designed to last the life of the coat.

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PAULA COMES UP SMILING AFTER DIVE

BOUNCING PERFECTION

A pretty diving champion develops her graceful form on a springy trampoline

PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRED SWARTZ

Spectators at the National A.A.U. swimming championships in Indianapolis were impressed by the fine coordination, precise timing and smooth-muscled beauty of diver Paula Jean Myers. The 19-year-old U.C.L.A. sophomore is so adept at twisting her compact (5 ft. 4, perfect 34) figure through the air that only a few women divers give her real competition. To keep these talents sharp, Paula often works out on the trampoline, a springy canvas platform more familiarly used by male gymnasts *next page*. A session with the device, she says, "makes you feel nice and stretched."



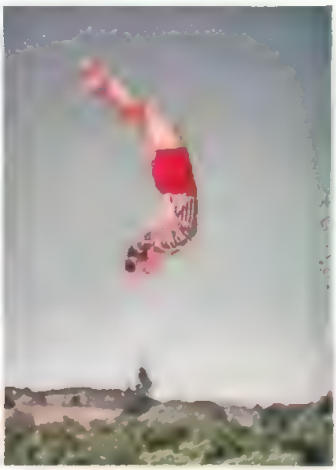
PAULA GOES UP BRISKLY FROM CANVAS



Paula Jean became the national outdoor platform diving champion in 1953. She says the trampoline "helps you get the feel of your twisting dives and somersaults. But you never, never use it in the last phases of your training for an upcoming event. It's just not like a real springboard." In the picture above she works for maximum stretch, while below she comes out of a tuck (*left*), somersaults (*center*) and arches in graceful layout.









A PAY NIGHT FOR OLD ARCHIE

At 37 the world's light-heavyweight champion fights for the first time in Madison Square Garden

by BUDD SCHULBERG

ONE EVENING last week 8,327 live fight fans and some 20 million TViewers around the country watched the Garden debut of old Archie Moore, the goateed tumbleweed from San Diego, St. Louis, Toledo, Baltimore, or wherever the pickings look good. As debuts go, it was eminently successful, for the oldest headliner in the business caught up with his number-one challenger, 26-year-old Harold Johnson, in the 14th round with a series of beautifully timed and perfectly thrown right hands that reminded one of well told stories, short and to the point.

The only trouble with this debut is that Moore was closing in on that age at which Dr. Pitkin argued, questionably, that Life Begins. Archie Moore had to wait until he was 37 years old to see his name go up on a Garden marquee. It had taken him almost 19 years of barnstorm campaigning, from North Adams, Mass. to Panama, from Newark to Tasmania. The boxing story today is often told through likely looking preliminary kids a year or two out of the amateurs who are hustled into Garden main events to keep those razor blades moving. But there was nothing hurried about this maiden appearance of our light-heavyweight champion. Behind him were 141 battles with the toughest middleweights, light-heavies and heavyweights of the 30s, 40s and 50s.

Putting Archie Moore into his first Madison Square Garden main event at the age of 37 is something like signing Caruso into the Metropolitan in 1920 instead of 1903 when he actually scored the first of his New York triumphs. If Caruso had had to tour the tank towns in moth-eaten opry houses for petty cash while third-raters unfit to carry his music case were pulling down the big notices and the heavy sugar at the Met, he would have become as cynical and money-hungry and unthrilled as Archie Moore seemed to feel in the Garden last week.

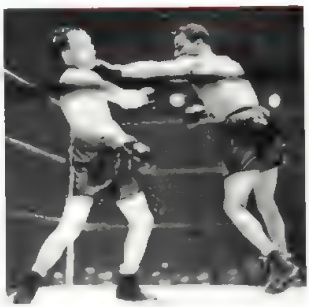
When Moore first climbed through the ropes as a pro back in the middle 30s, a 22-year-old Joe Louis was waiting for his shot at Braddock's heavyweight title. FDR was still promising to pull us out of the depression. Carole Lombard was a national idol. Adolph Hitler was training his Arbeitssoldaten with shovels. Mussolini was kicking up a rumpus in Ethiopia. People were singing "Goody, Goody!" The Oakies were pushing their rattletraps along Highway 66. Mickey Mouse and Joe DiMaggio were hitting their strides. And when you said McCarthy it meant little Charlie.

Nearly all the people who were making history when Archie was fighting up and down the West coast in the late 30s and early 40s have gone back into the ground and the history books. The men who were in there with Moore in the years before Pearl Harbor are old men with stomachs hanging over their belts, and balding heads, living off their scrapbooks and their memories of trial and glory.

Watching old Archie coming on in the later rounds against a clever, prime opponent who had taken Ezzard Charles and Nino Valdes and who was nine years old when the champion was belting out tough boys for peanuts in San Diego, you had to admire the old-time moves, the way he got up from an off-balance knockdown and took the fight to the younger man, careful to offer only the smallest pieces of himself and watchful for mistakes on which he could capitalize.

Years ago he had crowded Charles and knocked out Bivins and worked with the tough ones nobody wanted, Charley Burley, Lloyd Marshall, Holman Williams, Curtis Shep-

ANNIVERSARY



IMMORTALITY AND BOOS

Though battered and bloody, Henry Armstrong (*right*) took the lightweight championship away from Lou Ambers 16 years ago this week and became the only fighter to hold three world titles simultaneously. In 1937 Armstrong had knocked out Petey Sarron for the featherweight title, and just three months before the Ambers bout he had bludgeoned the welterweight crown from the head of tottering Barney Ross. But against Armstrong, Ambers fought fiercely, coming back after being knocked down twice to win four of the last five rounds. He cut Armstrong's mouth so badly that Henry became nauseated and dizzy from swallowing blood. Still Armstrong kept bobbing, weaving, twitching ahead and punching. The 19,000 fans cheered Ambers, 3–1 underdog who was fouled several times by his groggy opponent. And when a trembling, gasping Armstrong, winner by a split decision, stumbled to the center of the ring as new lightweight champion, they booed and threw newspapers and cigar butts at him.



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pard, Billy Smith. He was good enough in those days to be the light-heavyweight champion of the world but everybody was looking the other way.

If it had been tennis, his ranking would have top-seeded him into a shot at the champions. But this was boxing, a bitter and slippery business, where the challenger your manager picked for you was the one who guaranteed the high money—and who didn't figure as tough as Archie Moore. An aging Lesnevich would rather have the build-up kid, Billy Fox, or the run-down limey, Freddie Mills. And when Mills got his hands on the title would he rather fight Archie, still the number-one at age 33, or Joey Maxim, the Kearns' concoction, who never resembles a fighter so much as when he's sitting down between rounds.

It was 1952 and Joey Maxim was in the book as the light-heavyweight champion of the world. At an age (36) when the best fighters in the world can't find their legs or their reflexes, Moore finally got Maxim into the ring with him. The expected happened. It was one of those nights when Moore was in there for the glory alone and Maxim and Kearns got all the money. There wasn't another light heavyweight around who could bring in a dollar, so the Moore-Maxim thing became a traveling circus—in Ogden, in Miami. And now they're talking Omaha. And six figures for Archie.

At the end of his long and rocky road Archie is finding the golden vein that eluded him through the best of his fighting days. Last week he and Manager Charley Johnston were calling the turn and taking home all the money —around $40,000, including, rumor had it, a fistful out of Johnson's purse.

Moore didn't bother to pick up his check. He's off in his Cadillac and his black cowboy outfit, a dark-skinned, pugnacious Burl Ives, gypsying around the country and talking about fighting Rocky Marciano. Or the top heavyweight contenders Valdes and Cockell.

What he's really saying is that after all those years in the financial desert he'd like to linger around the I.B.C.'s oasis. More pay nights like that debut in the Garden. There were times last week when he walked back to his corner like an old man waddling home from a tour of the gin mills. But he's the last of the great journeymen and it's still a pleasure to watch someone who knows his business in a day when underdeveloped and oversold kids bob up and down the ladder like the popular songs you can never remember once they've slipped off the hit parade.

A WHITNEY STEALS THE SHOW FROM FELLOW WHITNEYS

PEOPLE who claim to have discovered a magic formula for the art of winning horse races are never taken very seriously—especially around a race track. But at Saratoga last week the betting gentry, although still not conceding that any such dream formula has been arrived at, were studying with wonder and fascination the case of C. V. Whitney. In 12 days of Saratoga racing, Cornelius Vanderbilt ("Sonny") Whitney displayed his third-generation, Eton blue and brown silks in 26 races. Fourteen of his horses came romping home first, including Whitney's handsome little brown colt Fisherman in the renowned 85-year-old Travers Stakes.

It got to the point where Trainer Syl Veitch was seen hanging his head in happy embarrassment after each winner came in. And most of the crowd shared the sentiments of one trainer who said glumly, "This guy's so hot he could send his lead pony out to win if he wanted to."

Why was the showing so good? Trainer Veitch, who has been working for C.V. since 1946 (and saddled such winners as First Flight, Phalanx and Counterpoint), summed it up in four words: time, patience, money and luck. "On Long Island in June I wouldn't have given $10 for our chances," said Veitch, who never before this season has sent out more than eight winners at any Saratoga meeting. "Everything in the stable had bucked shins or a cough. One day we had 23 sick at once. Then suddenly we got lucky. They all came around at once—like a ball team that gets hot just when you feel like giving up on every player on it."

C. V. ("Sonny") Whitney, who went to Yale ('22), was a colonel in the Air Force in World War II and lives at Old Westbury, L.I., is not to be confused with John Hay ("Jock") Whitney, who went to Yale ('26), was a colonel in the Air Force in the war, and lives at Manhasset, L.I., though they are first cousins. Nor is the C. V. Whitney Stable to be confused with the Greentree Stable, which Jock Whitney and his sister, Mrs. Charles S. Payson, operate jointly. Nor is Mrs. Charles S. Payson (nee Joan Whitney) to be confused with Mrs. E. Cooper Person, who used to be Liz Whitney, Jock's first wife, and who races some very fine horses too.

At Saratoga last week, another member of the Whitney cousinhood, Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt, owner of Native Dancer, figured out C. V.'s success with no trouble. "Why is Cornelius Vanderbilt Whitney having such a great season? Look at his middle name."



C. V. WHITNEYS with Trainer Syl Veitch, *left*, and Jockey Hedley Woodhouse accept Travers Cup from Walter M. Jeffords.



SONNY WHITNEY [illegible] in Saratoga's National Museum of Racing beside painting *[illegible]* of his great horse Equipoise.



PRINCE ALY KHAN danced with Mrs. John A. Morris at the Saratoga Golf Club.



RESERVED SEATS AWAITED SUCH NOTABLES AS SECRETARY HUMPHREY, ALFRED



EX-CHAMPION Jack D[illegible] talked with Aly between races at the Saratoga track.



ENTERTAINER Arthur Godfrey attended with his trainer, Morris Dixon, paid $55,000 for two colts.



TREASURY SECRETARY George M. Humphrey *(right)* saw his daughter, Mrs. Royal Firman Jr., pay $10,000 for a Pavot colt.



G. VANDERBILT (FRONT ROW), DELAWARE TRACK PRESIDENT DONALD ROSS



BIGGEST SPENDER Sears, in derby, raglan, stock, Oxfords, talked to Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin.



STEADY PATRON of Saratoga auctions Harry La Montagne studied his program.



ONETIME BASEBALL MAGNATE Larry MacPhail *(sixth from left)* sold 18 horses for $201,000. Trainer Noble Threewit *(left of MacPhail)* got sales talk.

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THE BENDING BRANCH

Mr. Rickey's retirement will be a loss to the baseball world

by RED SMITH

IN BROOKLYN the Dodgers were at the Giants' throats. In Milwaukee close to 43,000 idolators rent their haberdashery over the Braves, back home and still winning after sweeping through the National League like trench mouth. In Chicago Jack Harshman and Al Aber pitched each other numb as the White Sox whipped the Tigers, 1 to 0 in 16 innings. In Cleveland and New York the Indians and Yankees won and won.

In Pittsburgh, where ball clubs finish last on merit, the week's most significant news caused no more commotion than the Pirates themselves. Branch Rickey announced he would retire "from active duty" in November of 1955 on completion of his contract as the Pirates' general manager.

They don't care much in Pittsburgh. They didn't care much in Brooklyn when he left the Dodgers, or in St. Louis when he parted from the Cardinals. Baseball fans don't warm to Rickey, though with the probable exception of Babe Ruth and the possible exception of Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis he has been the game's dominant figure in his lifetime.

He is a curious man, contradictory. "A man of many faucets," they said in Brooklyn, "all turned on."

Branch Rickey is a God-fearing, checker-playing, horse-trading, cigar-smoking, double-talking, nonalcoholic, sharp-shooting blend of eloquence and unction and sincerity and enterprise and imagination and energy and independence and profundity and guile. His agile mind races ahead and his facile tongue patters after, and obscurities result. "When," he was saying in a speech, "there comes a stoppage of vertical mobility among the social strata . . ." "Gawd," said a man in the audience, "guys get drunk and don't say things like that."

In a press conference John Drebinger of the New York *Times* asked a question. Rickey responded at length, say like 20 minutes. "Does that answer your question, John?" he inquired. "I," Mr. Drebinger confessed, "have forgotten the question."

Rickey's speech can be as circuitous as a hoopsnake, but get him talking on a subject that commands his interest (such as the theory that against certain weak batters it is wise to call in two outfielders and play six men on the infield) and every word he utters goes directly to the point.

When he was manager of the Cardinals in the early 1920s he befuddled his players with chalk-talks in the clubhouse. Rogers Hornsby, succeeding him, threw out the blackboard and horse-whipped the athletes to the world championship.

Perhaps because Rickey was born to be a horse trader or maybe because competition has been the kernel of his life, it is important to him never to be beaten in a business transaction. He has, consequently, won a fearsome reputation for selling gold bricks in player deals.

Garry Schumacher of the Giants once stated the rules for talking business with Rickey: "Don't drink the night before, keep your mouth shut and your hands in your pockets."

A ballplayer fighting for an increase in wages would rather spit in Rocky Marciano's eye than walk into Rickey's office without a bodyguard. Yet the master persuader hasn't always come off first in these encounters.

When Dizzy Dean was the rawest of rookies he was closeted for many hours in Rickey's lair in St. Louis. It was Rickey who tottered out at last, collar unbuttoned, black hair untidy, black eyebrows twitching.

"Do you know what that boy said to

me?" he gasped. "He said, 'Mr. Rickey, I will put more people in Sportsmans Park than anybody since Babe Ruth.' If there were one more like him in baseball, I'd get out of the game."

There was, unfortunately or otherwise, only one like Dizzy. Rickey remained in baseball, and Dean put more people in Sportsmans Park than anybody else since Babe Ruth.

Probably the most widespread conception of Rickey pictures him as a psalm-singing evangelist in a circuit-rider's black hat and bow tie, making a living from the sinful occupation of baseball. This stems from the advertised fact that he does not attend games on Sunday, and it is entirely inaccurate.

It is not religious scruple that keeps him away from Sunday games. When he set out as a professional ballplayer 52 years ago, he promised his mother he would not violate the Sabbath by playing ball. He kept the promise and lost some jobs as a result.

The tallest building beyond the center field fence in St. Louis is the north side Y.M.C.A. On a big Sunday there were always kibitzers watching the game from the Y.M.C.A. windows. It was a standing gag that the room commanding the best view was Rickey's. He could have been in the Y.M.C.A., at that; he was somewhere out of the ball park, still keeping his promise.

He is a strange and fascinating man. *At 72, his energy is beyond belief.* Always on the go, he always has a secretary and as he goes he dictates letters, memoranda, ideas.

Once he wrote to a sportswriter: "I think you understand me—better than most people do, perhaps." The sportswriter was flattered pink.



THREE-LEGGED SAILOR

Trion, a yacht recently designed by Physicist H. M. Barkla of St. Andrew's University, Scotland, has three hulls and four revolving booms to catch wind from all sides. Barkla thinks his "triscaph" will do 25 knots.

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COLOR PHOTOGRAPHS BY MORRIS ROSENFELD

QUEENS OF THE SOUND

All summer long the waters off Long Island are filled with sailboats of all sizes, from the modest do-it-yourself to the majestic racing yacht



PANORAMIC AIR VIEW TAKES IN 235 OF THE MORE THAN 300 BOATS RUNNING DOWNWIND DURING LARCHMONT RACE WEEK

ONLY women can be more beautiful, more expensive or more demanding than cruising yachts like those shown in color on the following pages. To own and race one is to occupy the most exalted status possible in the nautical world. Cruising yachts, like beautiful and expensive women, are for the very few. But anyone can have the fun and thrill of summer sailing, just as anyone can have a pretty girl friend who is willing to settle for a Coke and a little honest affection.

The nationwide boom in maritime sports is dramatically reflected all summer long on the blue waters of Long Island Sound where low-priced sailboats, some of them lovingly assembled from do-it-yourself kits, scurry across the bows of the cruising yachts that may cost anywhere from 10 to 200 thousand dollars.

The modern cruising yacht is designed to accommodate four to 12 persons, usually guests of the owner, who serve as crew—hired hands being hard to come by these days. For every one of the big yachts there are scores of smaller ones that compete in races that make up a crowded Memorial Day-to-Labor Day season. One of the largest events is the Larchmont Race Week, shown above.

Most of the racing yachtsmen began sailing as boys and are as knowledgeable of their waters as the old-time whaling captains were of them. Together the yachtsmen and the sailing gadflies who share the Sound with them provide the thrilling summer pictures that make even landlubber hearts beat faster.

THE 61-FOOT SLOOP "DJINN," OWNED BY HENRY S. MORGAN, TRAILS WALTER S. GUBELMANN'S 71-FOOT YAWL "WINDIGO"





AN ARGENTINE SLOOP, the *Jeanne*, visited the sound this summer and won a class prize in the Bermuda Race. Here the crew takes in the 40-foot craft's big genoa.



A CONNECTICUT YAWL, the *Cotton Blossom IV* of Stamford, beats to the windward mark. The *Cotton Blossom* was built in Scotland from English designs 28 years ago.



A RACE BEGINS in the Class B division with the yawl *Ondine* (281) and the sloop *Vanitie* (120) away to a good start — an advantage that may prove to be short-lived in a distance contest.


120



IN A DAY RACE ON SOUND, "PERROQUET," 47-FT CUTTER, LEADS THE 44-FT SLOOP "EASTWINDS." BOTH ARE FLYING SPINNAKERS



OUR OWN 'WHIZ KIDS'

With Jack Kramer's coaching they may retrieve the Davis Cup

by WILLIAM F. TALBERT

IN THE LAST few years the United States Lawn Tennis Association has been heavily criticized for its failure to assist and develop young players. A lot of the criticism has come from me. For that reason, as well as others, I'm particularly happy to report now that the U.S.L.T.A. seems to have hit on a sound and workable solution to our major tennis problem. That problem, of course, is how to get players who can beat Australia.

On Aug. 10 the U.S.L.T.A. announced the formation of a "Junior Davis Cup and Special Training Squad." Certainly not a simple title—I shall hereafter refer to it as "J.D.C." —but a good plan nonetheless; and happily, a plan already in operation.

The seed for the J.D.C. program was sown last January by former World Champion Jack Kramer, who was asked for comment on the lickings we had taken in Australia. Kramer said he felt the U.S. did not have an effective junior development program. He proposed that the country be "combed" for promising players by tennis experts and that, once found, these boys be systematically and effectively coached.

The important thing is that Kramer did more than talk. He offered his services to the U.S.L.T.A. in organizing the national search, and volunteered to coach the youths finally chosen. The Lawn Tennis Association accepted. Late in July, Kramer attended the National Junior Tennis Tournament in Kalamazoo, Mich., and there, on the final day, he selected the program's first eight boys. The squad, with all members between 16 and 18 years old, includes: Arthur Andrews, Iowa City, Iowa; Donald Dell, Bethesda, Md.; Jon Douglas, Santa Monica, Calif.; Mike Franks, Los Angeles, Calif.; Mike Green, Miami Beach, Fla.; Ronald Holmberg, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Gerald Moss, Jacksonville, Fla.; and Allen Quay, Tampa, Fla.

Meanwhile the U.S.L.T.A. had made several nominations of its own. They included three of Kramer's picks—Douglas, Franks and Moss—and five others, some 19 years old: Al and David Harum of Coral Gables, Fla.; John Lesch, Los Angeles, Calif.; Barry Mackay, Dayton, Ohio; and Edward Rubinoff, Miami Beach, Fla.

Under "Coach" Kramer this combination of 13 tennis-hungry youths is now engaged in an intensive six-week campaign. Some of the J.D.C.s participated in the Orange tournament a fortnight ago. The whole gang came to Newport, and this week has moved on to the Longwood tournament in Boston. After Longwood comes Nassau, and then Forest Hills.

Kramer's kids practice mornings, play their tournament matches in the afternoons and then practice again in the twilight, working on mistakes revealed in actual competition. Kramer puts them all to bed at 10:30, and has no trouble enforcing curfew—the juniors know that he'll have them out "dog trotting" at daybreak.

This program differs from the Australian practice only in being shorter. With the boys from Down Under it's a year-round job. At the end of the summer our youngsters will be back in school, but they'll be brought together in tournaments as often as possible during the off season. And before they disband this fall, two of them will get a real test.

After Forest Hills the lucky 13 will play a round robin and the two winners will be sent to the Pacific Southwest tournament in Los Angeles. There they will play Harry Hopman's newest "whiz kids," Ashley Cooper and Roy Emerson, in a sort of junior Davis Cup. We may learn then and there whether we're really on the road to victory over the Australians.



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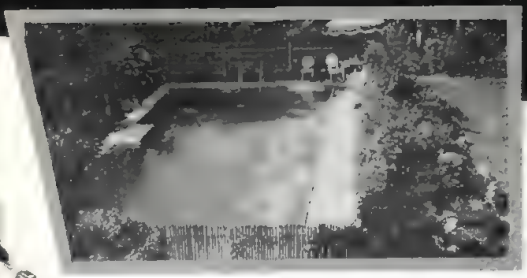
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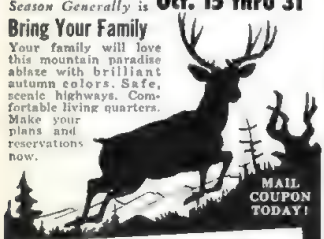
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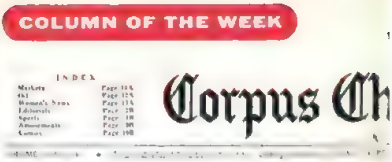
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COLUMN OF THE WEEK





Each week SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *will reprint an outstanding sports column from a daily newspaper. The writer will receive a prize of $250.*

THINGS are getting into a pretty state of affairs when it is no longer sufficient for the poor $2 better to be able to depend upon a tip straight from the horse's mouth. These days the horse player must check with the mount's psychiatrist as well.

The trend was established sometime last month when the plush Chicago racing plant, Arlington Park, announced it had hired an "equine psychiatrist" to mingle with its four-footed citizens and prescribe for their mental shortcomings.

Now news filters in from London that one of Queen Elizabeth's oat burners has also been placed under the care of a dabbler in four-footed psychology, a Mr. Charles Brooks. His first official act was to recommend travel abroad for the royal racer, and Landau, a temperamental three-year-old, is now on his way to gallop around United States tracks.

Mr. Brooks, who gave up a legal



ristiCaller

A tip from the horse's mouth may not be much good if the horse is neurotic. Ray Terrell warns the $2 better that the day is coming when he'll need to study Freud as well as racing forms.

practice to indulge his psychiatric theories on horses, did not reveal whether Landau was a manic-depressive or a dementia praecox, merely stating that a complete change of scenery will do the horse good. It is to be hoped that Landau turns out to be merely a slight schizoid type and recovers quickly in the good old U.S.A.

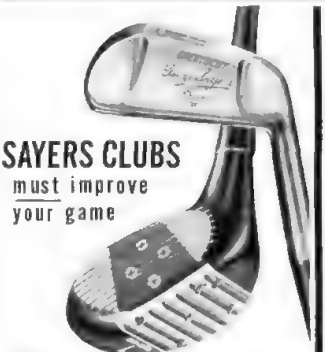
Those who scoff at the idea a horse needs something more than the old-fashioned veterinarian should listen to Dr. Burg Waddill, the Arlington Park consultant.

"Some horses are like people," he said recently, stating a fact which has been said many times before in a slightly dissimilar way. "They need acts of kindness and encouraging words to do their best.

"Perhaps your horse is capable of outstanding performances," Dr. Waddill went on, "but just isn't producing. Have you petted him on the nose lately or given him a friendly slap on







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the rump? Or even said 'nice going, Prince,' into his ear after a workout? That may be all he needs."

This may work for those who have horses named Prince. Others should be careful, for horses are notoriously jealous and prefer to be called by their own names.

The habit of showing thoroughbreds kindness above and beyond that normally called for is old stuff, however, even to the leather-tough old horsemen of the liniment and saddle-soap school. Trainer Ben Jones tells of the mare who wouldn't work well at all until they cut a window into her stall so she could watch the stableboys and occasionally nuzzle a passer-by. And legion are the good race horses who live with a pet donkey or dog close at hand to keep them from getting lonesome.

Landau, however, is a special case. The horse is described as an eager beaver in training but hates crowds and goes to pieces when he parades in front of a grandstand full of people. The psychiatrist firmly believes a change of scenery will work wonders.

Just how British crowds contribute to claustrophobia in a race horse and U.S. fans can have the opposite effect is a puzzling question and one which won't be settled until Nov. 3 when Landau goes to the post in the $25,000 International Handicap at Laurel Park in Maryland. If he should win, there can be only one answer. Landau is psychosomatic and the victim of a split personality.

In the meantime the poor little $2 better is going to have to add an item of equipment to his usual assortment of racing forms, dope sheets and early line selections.

It will be a little treatise by one Sigmund Freud entitled "Collected Papers" on analytical psychology.

No horse player will be found without one. Things are tough enough as it is.

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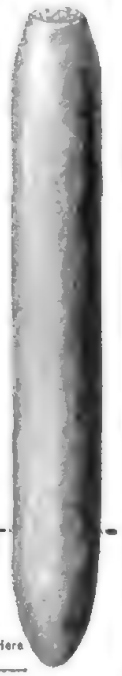
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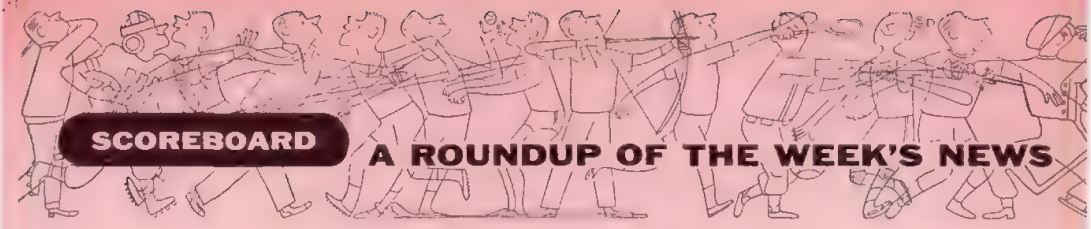
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SCOREBOARD

A ROUNDUP OF THE WEEK'S NEWS

RECORD BREAKERS

● **Hillsota,** 4-year-old pacer owned by the late William E. Miller estate and driven by **Billy Haughton** *(see below)*, set world record of 3:04 4/5 for mile and half in beating favored Philip Scott for $35,000 Nassau Pace at Roosevelt Raceway, N.Y.

● The five-man **U.S. Masters Knockout** bridge team defended its national title with unprecedented sweep of seven straight matches in round-robin competition at Mayflower Hotel in Washington.

● **Harry Bickford,** speedboat driver from Hampton, Va., drove his service runabout *Skip* to world-record average of 50.737 mph in second of two five-mile heats on Niagara River to win Class D championship of American Power Boat Association.

● Seventeen other world speedboat records were set by limited-class hydroplanes over a one-mile course on Lake Washington. Most notable: 63.811 for Class F runabouts, 63.670 for Class C racing runabouts, and 60.176 for Class C service runabouts—all by **Bill Wiget** of Concord, Calif.

● In Tokyo, **Jiro Nagasawa,** 18, of Waseda University, bettered world long-course (pool length 50 yards) record for 200-meter butterfly with winning time of 2:31.4 in Japanese national championships. Old record: 2:34.4, set in 1952 Olympics by John Davis of Australia.

● **Dick Binetto** of Laconia, N.H. and **Butch Rosenberg,** 19, of Miami jumped 102 and 103 feet respectively to break the world water-ski distance record (97 feet) during the national championships at Laconia.

BOXING

CHAMPIONS—Trailing on points after 13 rounds, Light Heavyweight Champion **Archie Moore** knocked out challenger Harold Johnson with left hook to jaw at 0:56 of 14th round in Madison Square Garden.

● Welterweight Champion **Kid Gavilan** signed to defend against fourth-ranking **Johnny Saxton** on Sept. 1 at Philadelphia.

OLD AND NEW Featherweight **Tommy Collins,** knocked down 10 times in bout with ex-Lightweight Champion Jimmy Carter of New York, returned from 14-month rest to knock out Jimmy Ithia of New York in fourth round of scheduled 10-round bout at Boston.

● Undefeated **Cisco Andrade,** 23, of Compton, Calif., got up from a first-round knockdown to win 10-round decision (his 25th victory) over tough Bolden Abrams of Philadelphia.

BASEBALL

CLOSING IN—For the **New York Giants,** it was the gloomiest week of the year. After swaggering through most of mid-season with a comfortable lead, they blew three in row to the second-place **Dodgers** at Ebbets Field, finished the week a bare half-game ahead of their rivals. Meanwhile, the **Milwaukee Braves** had lifted themselves with an incredible drive of 20 victories in 22 games and were only 3½ games out of first place. Milwaukee pitching was chiefly responsible. In six games during the week, Braves hurlers gave up only ten runs.

● In the American League, Cleveland pitching held the opposition to 15 runs in seven games. And whenever the Indians needed a long hit, Centerfielder **Larry Doby** was there to supply it. At week's end, Cleveland was still three games ahead of the Yankees and Doby led his league in both homers (27) and RBI (94).

WILLIAMS DEPT.—Another hitter who prospered last week was **Ted Williams,** Boston's 35-year-old batting wonder, who cracked two home runs against the Washington Senators to tie **Johnny Mize** for sixth place (359) among big-league baseball's career home-run hitters. Still out of sight: **Babe Ruth's** 714.

ERA ENDING—**Branch Rickey,** 72-year-old general manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates, announced that he would retire from the job at the end of his five-year contract in November, 1955.

SWIMMING

AMERICANS ABROAD—**Gail Peters** set a Japanese record of 2:32.6 in qualifying heat for 200-meter free-style, then won finals in 200-meter free-style (over former record holder Sabako Yamashita) and 100-meter butterfly. **Ford Konno** of Hawaii and Ohio State came back after losing to Yoshihiro Shoji in 1,500-meter free-style to outsprint *Shoji for 400-meter title.* **Bill Woolsey,** also of Hawaii, scored only other American victory in 200-meter free-style final.

● Distance swimmer **Florence Chadwick,** conqueror of English Channel, Bosporus, the Straits of Gibraltar and the Catalina Channel, was hauled out after covering only 4 1 2 miles in unsuccessful attempt to swim tide-swept 18.3-mile Juan de Fuca Strait off Victoria, B.C.

SAILING

REPEATER—**Tom Frost,** 19, of Newport Beach, Calif. won Heinzerling Trophy—emblematic of National Senior Snipe championship—for second straight year by taking two firsts, a second, a third and fourth in five-race series at Mentor-on-the-Lake, Ohio. Runners-up: Ted Wells, two-time International Snipe champion from Wichita, Kan.; Terry Whittemore of Middlebury, Conn.

HEAVY WEATHER—Commodore **John Nicholas Brown's Bolero** bored through a 30-knot wind on Buzzard's Bay to win Astor Cup race on final day of the 11-day New York Yacht Club cruise with a corrected time of 2:36.27. Runner-up: **Carleton Mitchell's Caribee,** with corrected time of 2:46.44.

HORSE RACING

DANCER BACK Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt's great gray **Native Dancer**—Eric Guerin up—carried highest weight of career (137 pounds) to an awesome nine-length victory in seven-furlong sprint at Saratoga. Unraced since he suffered foot bruise in May 15 Metropolitan, the gray horse now has record of 21 wins in 22 starts.

WHITNEY WINNERS—C. V. Whitney's 3-year-old **Fisherman,** bet down to nine to 20, scored a 2 1/2-length victory over Mrs. Edward Lasker's Lychnus in 85th running of Travers, oldest stake race in nation. It was 14th success in 26 races for **Whitney** horses since Saratoga summer meeting opened Aug. 2.

STRETCH RUNS—Clearwater Stable's crack *juvenile,* **Royal Coinage,** *began week by* outsprinting previously unbeaten Royal Note of Wilton Stables in the six-furlong Sapling Stakes at Monmouth, then moved to Saratoga to nose out Whitney's Pyrenees in winner-take-all ($15,000) Saratoga Special.

PACE-SETTER Harness Driver **Billy Haughton's** record-breaker with Hillsota in the Nassau Pace raised his victory total for year to 98—tops in nation so far this season and only 31 behind Levi Harner's all-time record of 129 set in 1952.

BASKETBALL

PRIZE CATCH—Sharpshooter **Frank Selvy,** who set collegiate scoring records (including an average of 41.7 points per game during the 1953-4 season while playing for Furman College, signed with the Baltimore Bullets at a reported salary of $10,000. With the pros, Selvy will have to shoot even faster to keep up with a new rule sanctioned by N.B.A. officials: the offensive team must shoot within 24 seconds after taking possession of the ball.

TRACK AND FIELD

OOPS—Discus Thrower **Fortune Gordien** bettered his own world record (194 ft., 6 in.) with a toss of 197 ft., 2 in. at Pasadena, but the new mark was disallowed when official scales showed the record-breaking discus one ounce too light.

● **Willie Williams** of Illinois ran the fastest 100 yards (9.5 seconds) in British track history at White City Stadium, but learned afterward that, thanks to a following wind, it was no record.

TENNIS

UPSETS—After four days of play, every favorite had been knocked out of the Newport Invitational Tennis tournament:

● **Vic Seixas,** U.S. Davis Cupper from Philadelphia, lost on the second day to Jack

Frost, 19, of Stanford University, 2-6, 6-3, 6-4.

● Australian champion **Lew Hoad** lost in the third round to 17-year-old Roy Emerson, 3-6, 6-4, 8-6.

● **Ken Rosewall,** Hoad's Davis Cup partner, was beaten in his quarter-final match by Straight Clark, 29, of Pasadena, 6-4, 1-6, 6-0, 9-7. The finalists: Clark and Ham Richardson, 21-year-old intercollegiate champion, with Richardson coming out on top 6-3, 9-7, 12-14, 6-8, 10-8 in a four-hour match.

GOLF

THE TAM Tiny (127 pounds) **Bob Toski** of Livingston, N.J. shot a birdie three on the final hole for a 72-hole total of 274 to edge **Jack Burke** of Kiamesha Lake, N.Y. and **Earl Stewart** of Dallas, Tex. by a single stroke in the "World" finale of the Tam O'Shanter tournament at Chicago. The victory was worth $50,000 in prize money and another $50,000 in exhibition contracts to 27-year-old Toski. Top prize taker among the women pros: **Patty Berg** of Chicago, whose 298 earned her first money of $5,000. High amateurs: **Frank Stranahan** of Toledo in the men's division with 284; **Mickey Wright,** 19, of San Diego in the women's division with a 309.

INTERNATIONAL In an earlier phase of the Tam, a picked team of six American pros beat six foreign entrants, 6 1/2 to 5 1/2, in the tournament's first International match

● Led by free-wheeling **Billy Joe Patton** of Morganton, N.C., a team of top U.S. amateurs retained the Americas Cup after two days of triangular competition with Mexico and Canada. Final score: U.S.—14, Canada—13, Mexico—0.

ROME—**Marlene Stewart,** 20, of Fonthill, Ont., walked off with her fourth consecutive Canadian Women's Open title, defeating Mary Gay of Kitchener, Ont., 9 and 8.

SPEEDBOAT RACING

LIKE SON **Ray Fageol,** 23, whose father Lou won the speedboat Gold Cup in straight heats two weeks ago, became a national champion in his own right with straight-heat victories in the 7-liter speedboat class of the APBA's national meet at Buffalo.

MILEPOSTS

RETIRED **Sir Gordon Richards,** 50, world champion jockey with 4,870 winners in 34-year career and favorite rider of Queen Elizabeth; five weeks after the queen's colt Abergeldie threw him and rolled on him at Sandowne track.

HONORED **Amos Alonzo Stagg,** for 65 years football coach at Springfield (Mass.) College, University of Chicago, College of the Pacific and still active as assistant to his son at Susquehanna College in Pennsylvania; on 92nd birthday at his home at Stockton, Calif.

HONORED—The late **Grantland Rice;** by Football Writers Association, which retired its annual players' award in his honor and established Rice Memorial Award, to be presented each year to college player voted best in nation by the writers.

BASEBALL (Major League) Week ending August 15

AMERICAN LEAGUE

1. **CLEVE.**	Detroit	Baltimore	
W-6 L-1	2-0	**9-4, 4-3**	
Seas 82-33	**10-1**	5-2, 3-1	
Pct .713			
2. **N.Y**	Philadelphia	Boston	
W 7- L-0	**5-2, 3-1**	**8-2, 3-1**	
Seas 80-37	5-4, 7-1	14-9	
Pct .684			
3. **CHI.**	Baltimore	Detroit	
W 3 L 1	**1-0**	**1-0, 4-3**	
Seas 71-44		2-7-8	
Pct .627			
4. **DET.**	Cleveland	Chicago	
W-3 L-4	4-0, 0-2	[illegible]	
Seas 52-63		**2-1, 8-7**	
Pct .452			
5. **WASH**	Boston	Philadelphia	
W-3 L-5	[illegible]	[illegible]	
Seas. 49-65	**5-4, 9-5**	**4-1**	
Pct .430			
6. **BOST**	Washington	New York	
W-3 L-5	**4-0, 10-1**	8-1-3	
Seas 47-67	4-4-8-2	7-14	
Pct .412	**5-0**		
7. ***PHILA***	*New York*	*Washington*	
W 2 L 5	2-[illegible]	**3-2, 6-4**	
Seas 39-76	4-5-[illegible]	4	
Pct .339			
8. **BALT.**	Chicago	Cleveland	
W-1, L-5	**3-1,** [illegible]	4-2 3-4	
Seas., 39-77		2-5, 1-3	
Pct. .336			

LEADERS

Batting—Noren, New York, .345
Runs batted in—Doby, Cleveland, 94
Home runs Doby, Cleveland, 27
Pitching—Feller, Cleveland, 10-2

NATIONAL LEAGUE

1. **N.Y.**	Pittsburgh	Brooklyn	
W-1 L-3	**2-1**	2-3-5-6	
Seas 70-44		4-9	
Pct .614			
2. **BKLYN.**	Philadelphia	New York	
W-4 L-1	5-4 **3-2**	**3-2, 6-5**	
Seas 70-45		**9-4**	
Pct .609			
3. **MILW.**	St. Louis	Chicago	
W-6 L-0	**11-0, 6-5**	**5-2, 3-1**	
Seas 66-47	**3-1**	**2-1**	
Pct .584			
4. **PHILA.**	Brooklyn	Pittsburgh	
W-1 L-5	**6-3,** 2-3	5-2-3-4-5	
Seas 55-57		4-8, 6-9	
Pct .491		6-6	
5. **CIN.**	Chicago	St. Louis	
W-4 L-2	**2-1, 8-1**	8 **6-5**	
Seas 56-60	**8-6**	2-4	
Pct .483			
6. **ST. L**	Milwaukee	Cincinnati	
W-2 L-4	5-6	**10-8,** 5-6	
Seas. 54-61	3	**14-12**	
Pct .470			
7. **CHI.**	*Cincinnati*	*Milwaukee*	
W 0 L 5	2-1-8	2-5-3	
Seas 44-71	6-8	1-2	
Pct .382			
8. **PITTS.**	New York	Philadelphia	
W 4 L-1	1-2	**9-5, 5-0**	
Seas 43-73		**8-4, 9-6**	
Pct .371		6-6	

LEADERS

Batting Snider, Brooklyn, .351
Runs batted in Musial, St. Louis, 109
Home runs Mays, New York, 37
Pitching Wilson, Milwaukee, 8-0

OTHER RESULTS FOR THE RECORD

AUTO RACING

SHERWOOD JOHNSTON, Rye, N.Y., Mt. Washington Hill Climb, in 10 44.8 (new record), in a Jaguar Special.
Mt. Washington, N.H.
LUIGI MUSSO, Italy, Int'l Grand Prix, with 98.17 mph avg. speed, in a Maserati, Pescara, Italy.

BASEBALL

INDIANAPOLIS INDIANS over American Assn. All-Stars 3-2
Indianapolis

BOXING

WALTER CARTIER and TED OLLA 10-round draw, middleweights, New York.
LUTHER RAWLINGS and CHARLIE SALAS, 10-round draw, middleweights, Miami Beach
JACK LA BUA, 8-round decision over Clem Florio, middleweights, New York
MANNY RENTERIA, 10-round decision over Freddie "Babe" Herman, welterweights, Los Angeles
DANNY JO PEREZ 2-round TKO over Dickie Wong, lightweights, New York
YOSHIO SHIRAI 10-round decision over Alberto Barenghi, flyweights (nontitle) Buenos Aires

BRIDGE

(Natl. championships, Washington, D.C.)
ERIC R. MURRAY, Hamilton, Ont. and DOUGLAS DRURY, Toronto, men's pairs.
MRS. SALLY NEELY, Warwick, Va. and MRS. MARGARET ALCORN, Hampton, Va., women's pairs.
JOHN M. CROBBEL, Kansas City, and DAVID C. CARTER, St. Louis, life master pairs.
MRS. MARGARET WAGAR, Atlanta, MRS. HELEN SOBEL, New York, SIDNEY SILODOR and CHARLES H. GOREN, Philadelphia, mixed team of four

CHESS

LARRY EVANS, New York, U.S. Open with 9½-2½ score, New Orleans.

FOOTBALL

DETROIT LIONS over College All-Stars, 31-6, Chicago
SAN FRANCISCO 49ers, over New York Giants, 43-35, San Francisco.
BALTIMORE COLTS over Philadelphia Eagles, 10-0, Hershey, Pa.
CHICAGO BEARS over Pittsburgh Steelers, 21-14, Pittsburgh
CHICAGO CARDINALS over Green Bay Packers, 17-10, Minneapolis

GOLF

DON WEARLEY, Toledo, Ohio, over David Baldwin, 2 up, natl. left-handers championship, Dayton, Ohio.
WALTER PORTERFIELD, Milwaukee, Wisconsin State Open, with 291, Milwaukee

HORSE RACING

MISTER BLACK, $28,525 Grassland Handicap, 1½ m., by a nose, in 1:48⅘ (new track record), Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill. Johnny Adams up
ALSPAL, $23,325 Mademoiselle Stakes, 6 f., by 1½ lengths, in 1 11⅘, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill. Johnny Adams up.
NEW DREAM, $23,025 Boardwalk Handicap (first division), 1 m., by a head, in 1 36⅘, Atlantic City, N.J. Logan Batcheller up
COUNTY CLARE, $23,075 Boardwalk Handicap (second division), 1 m., by 2½ lengths, in 1 36⅘, Atlantic City, N.J. Nick Shuk up
DISPUTE, $18,575 Test Stakes, 7 f., by 3 lengths, in 1 25, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Eric Guerin up

MOTORBOATING

(Al Endres Memorial Regatta, Buffalo, N.Y.)
MISS YOU, piloted by William Engle, Washington, Pa., Class E service runabout natl. title, with 700 pts.
NITROGEN, piloted by H. G. Hibbert, Miami, Class F service runabout natl. title, with 800 pts.

SAILING

BILL COX, Noroton, Conn., L.I. Sound men's championship, with 72 pts., Noroton, Conn.
PAT O'NEAL, Larchmont, N.Y., Pequot Cup, L.I. Sound jr. championship, with 19 pts., Rowayton, Conn.
KINGSTON YACHT CLUB, intl. jr. regatta, with 28½ pts., Kingston, Ont.

STEEPLECHASE

ESCARGOT, $8,675 North American, 2 m., by a nose, in 4 13, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Frank Adams up.

SWIMMING & DIVING

JON HENDRICKS, Australia, 100-meter free-style, in 0 56.1 (new U.S. record) Culver City, Calif.
BUDDY BAARCKE, Fort Knox, men's open 100-meter free-style, open 100-meter butterfly, open 100-meter backstroke, Louisville, Ky.
MARION PARK, Miami Beach, women's natl. jr. 3-meter diving title, with 433.60 pts., Louisville, Ky.

TENNIS

[illegible] and NEALE FRASER, Australia, over [illegible], 6-4, 6-3, Newport Invitation men's doubles, Newport, R.I.
BUDGE PATTY, Los Angeles, over Hugh Stewart, 6-4, 6-[illegible], 6-4, Bavarian intl. tournament, Munich
MRS. BETTY ROSENQUEST PRATT, Jamaica, B.W.I., over Mrs. Barbara Davidson, 7-5, 2-6, 6-1, Essex County Club, Manchester, Mass.
YALE FRESHMAN over Oxford-Cambridge, 6-4, for Prentice Cup, Wimbledon, England, U.S. over Canada, 7-1, for Davis Cup, Forest Hills, N.Y.
[illegible] over Brookline, Mass.

TRACK & FIELD

RICH FERGUSON, Toronto, Norton Crowe Trophy, for Canada's outstanding male athlete of 1954, Vancouver

WATER POLO

NEW YORK A.C. over Mexico, 9-2, Natl. A.A.U. championship, New York

WATER SKIING

(Natl. championships, Lacuna, N.H.)
BUTCH ROSENBERG, Univ. of Miami, men's overall title
WILLA McGUIRE, Cypress Gardens, Fla., women's overall title

COMING EVENTS

● TELEVISED EVENTS: ALL TIMES GIVEN ARE E.D.T EXCEPT WHEN OTHERWISE NOTED

August 20 through 26

FRIDAY, AUGUST 20

Baseball
Natl Baseball Congress of America tournament, Wichita, Kan.

Boxing
● Bobo Olson vs. Rocky Castellani, for middleweight title, Cow Palace, San Francisco (15 rds.), 7 p.m. P.D.T. (NBC)
Leo Espinosa vs. Jake Tuli, flyweights, Manila (10 rds.).

Football
East vs. West, All-American High School game, Crump Stadium, Memphis.

Golf
Canada Cup, Laval-sur-le-Lac G.C., Montreal. Sam Snead and Jimmy Demaret to represent U.S.

Rowing
European championships, Amsterdam.

Swimming
Natl. Sr. Outdoor Synchronized championships, Brentwood C.C., Los Angeles.

Tennis
Canada vs. Mexico, Davis Cup North American Zone semi-final, Mexico City.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 21

Auto Racing
NASCAR American Le Mans 12-hour endurance race, for sports cars and stocks, Linden Airport, N.J.

Cycling
World championships begin, Solingen, Germany. Thirty-one nations entered.

Football
San Francisco 49ers vs. Washington Redskins (exhibition), Sacramento, Calif., 8 p.m. P.D.T.
New York Giants vs. Chicago Cardinals (exhibition), Spokane, Wash., 8 p.m. P.D.T.
Green Bay Packers vs. Cleveland Browns (exhibition), Green Bay, Wis., 8 p.m. C.D.T.

Golf
Natl. Amputee tournament, Red Run G.C., Royal Oak, Mich.

Horse Racing
American Derby, $100,000, 1½ m., 3 yr. olds, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill.
● Whitney Handicap, $50,000, 1¼ m., 3 yr. olds up, Saratoga Springs, N.Y., 5 p.m. (CBS)
Ventnor Handicap, $30,000, 1⅛ m., 3 yr. olds, Atlantic City, N.J.
San Diego Handicap, $10,000, 1⅛ m., 3 yr. olds up, Del Mar, Calif.

Motorboating
Billop Trophy, 51-mile predicted log race, Great Kills, Staten Island, N.Y.

Sailing
Natl. Y-Flyers championships, Chippewa Lake, Ohio.

Swimming
Natl. AAU Jr. Men's 100 m. free-style, Houston, Tex.

Track & Field
Highland Games, Edinburgh, Scotland. John Landy will run mile.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 22

Auto Racing
NASCAR 250-mile Grand National, for late model stock cars, Bay Meadows, Calif.
AAA natl. championship 100-mile stock car race, Milwaukee.
Grand Prix de Suisse, Berne, Switzerland.

Baseball
East vs. West, Negro American League, Comiskey Pk., Chicago.

Football
Pittsburgh Steelers vs. Baltimore Colts (exhibition), Pittsburgh, 2 p.m.

Motorcycling
Natl. championship 25-mile dirt track race, State Fair Grounds, Springfield, Ill.

Sailing
North American Star championships, Rockport, Mass

Tennis
U.S. natl. doubles finals, Longwood C.C., Chestnut Hill, Mass

MONDAY, AUGUST 23

Boxing
● Frankie Fernandez vs. Chico Varona, welterweights, St. Nick's, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (Du Mont)
● Billy McNeece vs. Garth Panter, middleweights, Eastern Pkway, Brooklyn, N.Y. (10 rds), 10 p.m. (ABC)

Golf
U.S Men's Amateur, Country Club of Detroit, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.
Natl. Negro Open, Tenison Pk., Dallas, Tex.

Horse Racing
Spinaway Stakes, $20,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-old fillies, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.

Sailing
Intl. L-16 championships, Chicago.

Shooting
Grand American Handicap Trapshooting tournament begins, Vandalia, Ohio.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 24

Baseball
Little League World Series, Williamsport, Pa.

Sailing
Natl. 210-class championships, Falmouth, Mass.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 25

Boxing
● Holly Mims vs. Tuzo Portuguez, middleweights, Madison Sq. Garden, N.Y. (10 rds.), 10 p.m. (CBS)

Golf
Labatt Open, Scarborough G.C., Toronto. Top U.S. pros entered.

Horse Racing
Princess Pat, $50,000, 6 f., 2-yr.-olds, Washington Pk., Homewood, Ill.
Providence Stakes, $25,000, 1⅛ m., 3-yr.-olds, Narragansett Pk., Pawtucket, R.I.
Alabama Stakes, $25,000, 1¼ m., 3-yr.-olds, Saratoga Springs, N.Y.
Mermaid Handicap, $20,000, 7 f., 3-yr.-olds up, Atlantic City, N.J.

Shooting
Natl. Pistol championships begin, Camp Perry, Ohio.

Track & Field
European championships, Berne, Switzerland.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 26

Sailing
Natl. Thistle championships, Essex Y.C., Fenwick, Conn.

Swimming
Army swimming and diving championships, Fort Bragg, N.C.

The Plain Truth about Today's Motor Oils

HD (High Detergency) Motor Oils are recommended for many of today's newer cars.

These oils contain additives . . . to help keep your engine clean, prevent rust deposits, do many useful jobs.

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Pennsylvania Motor Oils are endowed with outstanding natural toughness.

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PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION
Oil City, Pennsylvania

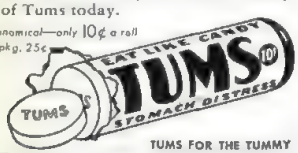
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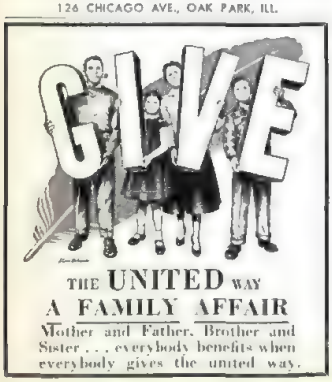


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THE UNITED WAY
A FAMILY AFFAIR
Mother and Father. Brother and Sister . . . everybody benefits when everybody gives the united way.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

KEY TO SYMBOLS

SO=season opened (or opens); **SC**=season closed (or closes); **SV**=season varies by district or water.
C=clear water; **D**=water dirty or roily; **M**=water muddy.
N=water at normal height; **SH**=slightly high; **H**=high; **VH**=very high; **L**=low; **R**=rising; **F**=falling.
WT50=water temperature 50°.
FG=fishing good; **FF**=fishing fair; **FP**=fishing poor. **OG**=outlook good; **OP**=outlook poor.



A digest of last-minute reports from fishermen and other unreliable sources

COMPILED BY ED ZERN

SMALLMOUTH BASS: PENNSYLVANIA: Most rivers too low. **FG** in Juniata River. Delaware River above Port Jervis **L, C, FG** for small bass but big fish not having any except late at night. **OG** if rains continue.

NEW YORK: **FG** in Cape Vincent area of Lake Ontario, with Grenadier and Wolf Island waters *yielding smallmouths to 2 pounds. Action* is slower at Clayton and Alexandria Bay but **OG** as cooler weather starts fish moving.

MISSOURI: Current River low, "good fishing color." **FG** last week. **OG**. Jack Fork too low for floating.

PACIFIC SALMON: BRITISH COLUMBIA: One Chinook over 80 pounds and another topping 70 caught last week at Campbell River inlet. Browns Bay very hot with runs now arrived in most areas and 50-pounders taking nicely; **OG** rest of month. Silvers showing well in Gulf of Georgia, with signs of best fall cohoes fishing in many years.

WASHINGTON: Top chinook of week was 58-pounder boated at Hope Island, with open water at Westport off Gray's Harbor providing best fishing. Cohoes starting to show, with fair catches off shoals around Tatoosh Island.

OREGON: Some chinook and silvers in Yaquina Bay at Newport. **FF** with best results on incoming tide mooching with herring.

CALIFORNIA: Chinook fishing slowed by choppy seas off Golden Gate, with good prospects when wind dies; **FG** off Klamath River.

TROUT: CALIFORNIA: **FP** on Florence, Huntington and Shaver lakes, **FG** on upper reaches of San Joaquin. Both slopes of Sierra Nevada improved sharply last week as cooler weather put zip in high lakes and streams. Best dry-fly stream is Hot Creek, with some 5-pounders reported. Top Sierra trout last week 10-pound brown from Rush Creek. **FG** at Upper Owens.

MONTANA: All Montana and north Rocky Mountain streams **L, C**, fly-fishing good **WT** *too high on larger rivers for good midday fishing*. **FF** on Yellowstone, Madison, Blackfoot and Flathead rivers, **FG** on Big Hole with best flies Adams and Light Cahill; **OG** as evenings get cooler.

OREGON: Little Deschutes River **L, C**, some big browns taking dry flies in evening, nymphs during day; **OG** rest of month.

COLORADO: Ike's fishing spots (St. Louis Creek near Fraser and North Fork of the South Platte near Pine remain poor (sections he fishes are well stocked but posted); Gunnison **L, C, FF** with flies, **OF**; Yampa **L, C, FP, OP**; Big Grizzly **L, C, F, FP, OP**, Little Squaw **L, C, FF, OF**; Laramie **L, C, FF, OG**; Pine **N, C, FG, OG**.

SAILFISH: MEXICO: Many big sails reported in Gulf of California, sharks plaguing anglers off Acapulco and Mazatlan.

BLUEFIN TUNA: RHODE ISLAND: 550-pound fish boated last week off Nebraska Shoals with other big tuna reported; school fish abundant off Block Island.

NEW YORK: Montauk boats still slaying 5- to 10-pound fish as schools linger in area.

NOVA SCOTIA: Dr. Roy Schubert was first angler to boat two bluefins (675 and 315 pounds) in one day (Aug. 13th) this season; 22 tuna boated at Wedgeport last week.

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: Sensational night-fishing from boats around Cape, regardless of tides, with many fish in 40-pound class. Beach casters at Nauset took about 100 from surf one morning last week, but action is still slow at Nantucket and the Vineyard.

RHODE ISLAND: **FG** from boats with bass running 20 to 40 pounds; 6- to 10-pounders plentiful in Narragansett Bay but surf casters not doing well.

CALIFORNIA: **FG** in Napa River and protected bays in San Francisco area, but high winds *hampering anglers on open water*.

STEELHEAD TROUT: CALIFORNIA: Fishing at peak off Klamath, Smith and Del Norte river mouths with big runs due up rivers soon.

OREGON: Some small steelhead taking flies in Galice area of Rogue. River is **L, C**; best fly sizes 8 and 10 in standard patterns; **OG** as fall run builds up. Deschutes River **N, C** above mouth of White River, with summer run nearing peak in lower reaches and some fish as far up as Maupin. Best results with spinning lures (small red-and-white wobblers best) but large flies taking some good fish; **OG** through rest of month.

MARLIN: CALIFORNIA: 180-pound striped marlin caught off San Diego last week by Mrs. William Ross, with good fish reported off Catalina and in Gulf of California.

NORTH CAROLINA: Two blue marlin (190 and 125 pounds) boated last Saturday about 30 miles ESE of Oregon Inlet. During week a beakless blue was caught near Diamond Lightship near Hatteras (measured 11 feet 3 inches *without beak cut weighed only 392 pounds*). **OG** for billfishing in Nags Head-Hatteras area next two weeks with sails, white and blue marlin abundant offshore.

MUSKELLUNGE: NEW YORK: **SO** July 1 but St. Lawrence area doesn't produce until Sept.

WISCONSIN: No big fish reported but Bone Lake producing well on surface lures and bucktails (5 fish in one day last week); **FG** on Mondeaum, Spirit Lakes, Gile Flowage, Moen Lake Chain; usual mid-August slump hasn't set in yet.

ATLANTIC SALMON: NEW BRUNSWICK: **FP** throughout most of Province on account of high water; most Miramichi fishermen heading for upper waters, with many cancellations in Blackville area, but **OG** for end of month if weather holds. Some highwater pools on St. John producing 10- to 12-pound fish last week, but river is about 5 feet above normal.

NOVA SCOTIA: 41 salmon from Salmon River last week with run just starting. Margaree continues fair with 28; **OG** for rest of month.

CLOISTERED COEDS AT CORNELL SHOW OFF NEW HIP-LENGTH JACKETS OF RED WOOL, IRISH RAINEEN AND SHEEPSKIN



At a punch party on Sunday, Cornell students wear corduroy jackets, walking skirt.

SPORTING LOOK

NEW SHORT CUT

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HANS KNOPF

Bermuda shorts are going west. Once exclusive with Eastern college students, walking shorts last year began to appear on campuses in the South and Midwest and this fall are moving in on Levi territory. And, for the first time, there is a new crop of college fashions to go with the shorts. These include above-knee-length skirts *next page*, measured like a kilt (two inches from the ground in kneeling position); finger-tip-length jackets and coats which leave a generous edge of shorts in view; fancy knee socks and warm knitted drawers in show-off colors to wear underneath the new short skirts.

To prepare this preview of college fashions, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED *obtained the happy cooperation of summer students at Cornell. These Bermuda shorts, skirts, short coats, now in college shops across the country, mark the biggest change in casual campus garb since blue jeans came out of the West.*





Cornell crimson pops up in unexpected places on a picnic in men's garters rigging up a coed's socks, in a man's felt belt. Corduroy shorts have a leather back strap, pocket trim.



For men, the shorter look is seen in the finger-tip, all-weather campus coat. The coat at left has raglan shoulders, is of gabardine, sports leather buttons, plaid lining. Hooded version *center* of poplin has alpaca and red flannel lining, dog-leash snaps. Orlon fleece-lined belted safari jacket *right* has Pima cotton outer shell.



Taken from the Scots a pleated kilt which winds around matching plaid walking shorts. Scottish tassels trim leather-footed socks; jersey blouse is copy of traditional Scots sweater.



Students picnic on the rocks at Fall Creek Gorge, several waterfalls above Lake Cayuga, in look-alike outfits of shirts and shorts.

outstanding C-type Jaguars driven by Ernie Erickson and Loyal Katskee, and Kimberly's former 4.1 Ferrari now owned by Ebbie Lunken. However, Spear broke his Ferrari's transmission on the starting line, and an unscheduled tangle on the fast bend at the end of the pit straight resulted in multiple collisions that changed the picture from the outset. Erickson went into a violent fishtail, causing Katskee to stand on his brakes. Kimberly, immediately behind, struck the Jaguar a glancing blow, then ricocheted off Walters' Ferrari. Lunken slipped through to hold the lead for eight laps, but Kimberly then caught and passed him. Astern, Walters spun out and soon after lost a whole lap when called into the pits to pry loose a dented fender that was touching his rear wheel. Walters, driving the race of his career, made a spectacular effort to catch Kimberly and put in an amazing lap of 2 min. 5 sec. (100 mph), but at the fall of the checkered flag he was still 1 min. 20 sec. behind the leader, who averaged 96 mph for the whole race. Kimberly and Walters both lapped the entire field, but Lunken still placed third and Katskee fourth. Altogether, a great day's racing.

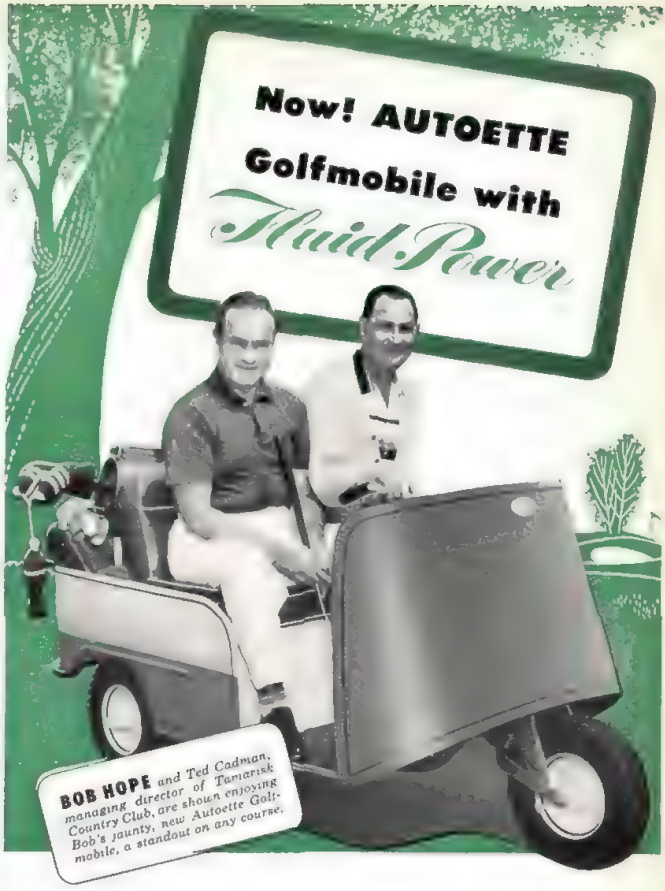
OUT OF CHARACTER



THE SPEED MERCHANT

For this amateur mechanic, tinkering with automobiles was a relaxing hobby after the grinding competition in which he won fame as a tennis player. Possessing tremendous speed and power, he achieved a seldom accomplished mastery of a whole repertory of tennis strokes from killing service to powerful overhead smash. At his best under pressure, he was U.S. champion at 19, the next year added the Wimbledon title and then went on to win two thirds of nearly 400 professional matches. After quitting tennis as pro champion, he became a top-flight golfer. Now the Wilshire Country Club, Los Angeles, has as pro:

H. Ellsworth Vines



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Now play golf the way the nation's smartest golfers do—in an Autoette Golfmobile. Pro and amateur alike know the Golfmobile is America's one unique golf car—that it's changing the game of golf everywhere . . . for the better! Test-drive a Golfmobile and enjoy these advantages:

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AUTOETTE Golfmobile PUTS THE "GO" IN GOLF

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Please send me brochure describing Golfmobile ☐ Pickup Truck ☐ I am interested in information about renting Golfmobiles to members of my club ☐

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YESTERDAY

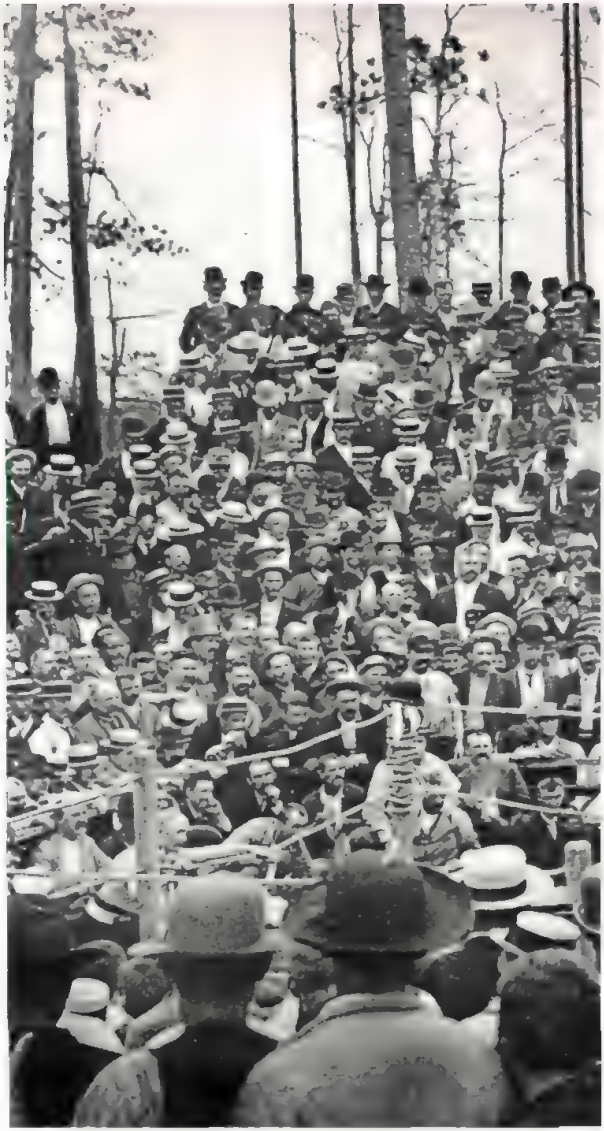
JOHN L. AND JAKE

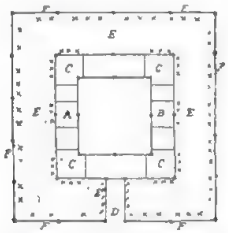
In a great bare-fisted battle Sullivan and Kilrain fought 75 grueling rounds

EVERYONE knew that no man could stand up to John L. Sullivan and swap punches with him. A devastating two-handed hitter, Sullivan had toured the country taking on all comers and had offered $1,000 to anyone who could stay four rounds. Drunk or sober, he had flattened 59 men in a row. Only a few were able to survive the first round, none the fourth. His only weakness was his fondness for the bottle—he used to drink bourbon out of steins—and for this reason his perfectly trained opponent, Jake Kilrain of Baltimore, was given an even chance to outlast him in a finish fight.

Kilrain was not a slugger but he could go distance and he was a good wrestler, which was useful in bare-knuckle fighting, where a fall could be almost as punishing as a knockdown blow. "Sullivan is no wrestler," said the New York *World* the day of the fight (July 8, 1889) and added with journalistic candor unknown today: "According to the history of all such drunkards as he, his legs ought to fail him after 20 minutes of fighting."

When the men came to scratch at 10 a.m. at Richburg, Miss. before a crowd of 3,000 fans, most of whom had come by train from New Orleans to the secret ring site (bare-fist fighting was illegal in all 38 states), the thermometer registered 100° in the shade. It was a test between two champions for $10,000 a side, winner take all. Sullivan, resplendent in green breeches and flesh-colored stockings, was champion by popular acclaim; Kilrain, by decree of Richard K. Fox, publisher of the *Police Gazette*, who ignored Sullivan's claim and awarded the *Gazette*'s championship belt to his opponent. "I would not put Fox's belt around the neck of a bulldog," snorted the great John L.





THE "SEATING" ARRANGEMENTS

A = Referee, umpires and timekeepers
B = Reporters
C = Seconds and bottle holders
D — Entrance to ring and $15 ticket seats
E = Enclosures with camp stools for $15 ticket holders
F = Outside for the $10 ticket holders
XXXX = Police and guards



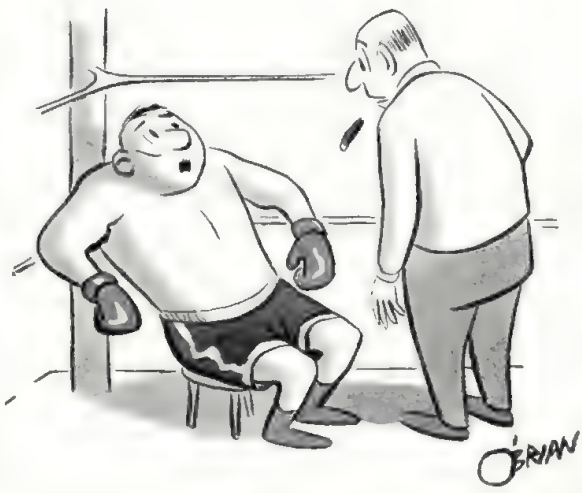
From the start Kilrain pursued his battle plan by avoiding all toe-to-toe slugging and by sidestepping the rushes of the ever advancing Sullivan. These tactics drove Sullivan into a fury. "Why don't you fight? You're supposed to be the champ, ain't you?" bawled Sullivan in the fourth round, which lasted over 15 minutes. (Under the rules a round ended only when a man went down and could, therefore, last a few seconds or several minutes.) In the seventh round, when this photo was taken as the men clinched (Sullivan on the left), Kilrain hooked to the head and brought a flow of blood from John L.'s ear. "First blood, Kilrain," announced Referee John Fitzpatrick and there was an exchange of bills among the sports. (Betting was always brisk on first blood and first knockdown.) Sullivan scored the first clean knockdown in the next round. As the fight wore on, both men were soaked in blood, their backs scorched crimson by the burning sun. There was no decisive turning point in the battle but after the 30th round it was evident that Sullivan was getting to his man. Jake was tiring, not Sullivan, who was now scoring all the knockdowns and most of the falls. But Kilrain kept on coming to scratch round after round although his eyes were glassy and his head rolled loose on his shoulders as if his neck were broken. In the 75th round a doctor said to Kilrain's seconds, "If you keep sending him out there, he'll die." That was enough. They tossed in the sponge and the fight was over. The last bare-knuckle fight in ring history had lasted two hours and 16 minutes. A new era of padded gloves and three-minute rounds under the modern Queensberry rules soon replaced the old bare-fist brawlers. Sullivan lost his crown to Jim Corbett in a glove fight three years later. As for Kilrain, who was so near death at the end of the fight, he lived to be a pallbearer at Sullivan's funeral in 1918 and did not die until 1937 when he was 78.

LAST LAUGH





"Your shot, I believe."



"Well, I like *him!"*

PREVIEW

THE U.S. AMATEUR

The top tournament for American golfers who work for a living and play their golf on the side takes place next week at the Country Club of Detroit, with a field of 200 including the golfer of the year and everybody's amateur, Billy Joe Patton

by Herbert Warren Wind

IN THE COMPLICATED world of amateur golf, two tournaments stand head and shoulders above all others—the United States Amateur and the British Amateur championships. Since most American amateurs still work for a living and play their golf on the side, a trip to Britain is out of the question, and they reserve their funds, their vacations and their aspirations for the U.S. National Amateur—or "The Amateur," as it is referred to by most golf hands.

This week, some two-hundred top-rank American amateurs are converging on the Country Club of Detroit, in Grosse Pointe Farms, where the 1954 championship gets underway on Monday. Twenty-four of these starters are players who were exempt from qualifying by virtue of being either a former British or U.S. Amateur champion, the incumbent Public Links or Junior Amateur champion, or a member of this year's American, Canadian or Mexican Americas Cup teams. The rest earned their berths the hard way, in sectional qualifying rounds held late in July which 1,270 hopefuls entered.

Unlike the fields before and after World War I, which were almost entirely composed of sportsmen-clubmen well heeled with leisure, the Amateur today is a gallimaufry of golfers who come from tenements and mansions and who represent all complexions of amateurism: business and professional men who play golf as a recreation, the way their neighbors play bridge or tend gardens; men who do manual labor for a living and, wondrously enough, still have the zip to get in three to five rounds a week at their club; men with private incomes who are free to make golf their priority preoccupation; college boys and other young men in the process of deciding whether or not they should make golf their profession; and star salesmen who claim to be weekend golfers and who, in fact, do play on the weekends, not to mention Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

There is a tremendous range in ages. This year's field includes Rex Baxter, an 18-year-old phenomenon from Amarillo and Charles ("Chick") Evans, now 64, who won his first Amateur 20 years before Baxter was born. Baxter is far from the youngest player ever to appear in the Amateur. This is one of the more esoteric distinctions that belong to Robert T. Jones Jr. of Atlanta, Ga., who was all of 14 when he made his first appearance in 1916. Youth can be an advantage in the Amateur. A match-play tournament usually held in August when the Dog Star is riding high, it requires the winner to have the endurance to survive six 18-hole matches (within four days) and still have enough energy left for the 36-hole semifinal and final rounds.

The flavor of the Amateur, all things considered, has changed little since the '20s when the grown-up Jones practically converted it into his personal championship. It is an annually ambulant tournament, but wherever it is played, it seems to possess the same character. It is stately but familiar, somewhat like an old print brought up to date—in the foreground, the officials of the U.S. Golf Association wheeling conscientiously over the course in their dark-blue blazers, the spectators more quietly dressed and more quietly knowledgeable than the galleries at the big-money glamour shebangs, the players slightly awed by the tradition of the event and relaxing between matches with comfortable home-town friends who have followed them to the "big leagues"—in the background, the imposing clubhouse of the host club, its verandas thick with colored umbrellas, tanned girls, tall drinks, visiting relatives and the general hum of a festive week long awaited.



Mark Kaufman

TOURNAMENT DATA

event
54th Amateur Championship of the United States Golf Assn.

place
Country Club of Detroit, at Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich.

dates
Monday, Aug. 23 through Saturday, Aug. 28

admission
Monday—Wednesday, $2.40
Thursday—Saturday, $3.60

course
6,875 yards long. Par 70. Remodeled in 1951

type of tournament
Match-play elimination. First six rounds—18-hole matches. Semi-final and final—36 holes

contestants
200 amateur golfers from U.S., Canada and Mexico

prize
Possession for one year of the Havemeyer trophy (above) and the respect of all golfers

In a way, the Country Club of Detroit has been waiting for Amateur week since 1915 when it last was host to the championship. It was a good tournament. Bob Gardner, the old Yale pole vaulter, won it; the favorite, Francis Ouimet, was rudely ousted by James Standish Jr., the tournament chairman for this year's championship; and after the tournament was over it was discovered that, through a slight mistake of the greens committee chairman, the players had been putting all week into holes that were four inches in diameter instead of the regulation four and a half.

The oldest club in the Detroit area, the Country Club was the outgrowth of the nine-hole course which, back in the '90s, U.S. Senator James McMillan built for himself and his friends on the infield of Hamilton Park, the race track on his estate. Today, the social and sports center for the extensive Grosse Pointe residential section, it has a membership of 600 which includes many top-echelon executives of the automotive industry, and a rambling, half-timbered, red brick, Tudor clubhouse which contains, among other facilities, five private dining rooms, six bowling alleys, dormitory accommodations for 15, 500 lockers and a bevy of taprooms within easy walking distance of the "Great Hall"—the main lounge. For all of its resemblance to a suburban watering place, the Country Club of Detroit has remained devoted to golf. Three years ago, for instance, before the club knew it would be the scene of the 1954 Amateur, the members voted to remodel their obso-

BACKGROUNDS OF SOME AMATEURS TO WATCH

Hugh Morton



BILLY JOE PATTON, 32, lumber salesman from Morganton, N.C., is a long hitter who frequently visits the woods off the tees. Top amateur in 1954 Masters and Open, Patton's insouciant banter and gambling tactics make him a great gallery favorite.

Joe Brechka Cal-Pictures



HARVIE WARD JR., 28, is a native of Tarboro, N.C. who now sells autos in San Francisco for a company headed by Eddie Lowery, Francis Ouimet's caddy in the 1913 Open. A superb putter blessed with a lighthearted disposition, Ward won the British Amateur in 1952.

Lester Williams



REX BAXTER JR., 18, a sophomore at the University of Houston, comes from Amarillo, Texas, where his father is the manager of the Chamber of Commerce. A mannerly, intelligent young man—his four-year average in high school was 91.22—Baxter won the National Juniors in 1953, the Laredo Open this year.

Gilbert Barrera



LT. JOE CONRAD, 24, currently is Personnel Services Officer at Gary Air Base in San Marcos, Texas, spends his spare hours practicing golf and his weekends with his parents in San Antonio. A cool competitor, he took the Southern Amateur in 1953 and '54.

George Tillard



DALE MOREY, 33, is Midwest sales manager for Sandpaper, Inc., lives in Indianapolis when not on the road. Runner-up to Gene Littler in the 1953 Amateur, Morey, a former basketball star at L.S.U., originally took up golf in order to strengthen his legs for basketball.

Maurice Kaplan



BILL CAMPBELL, 31, an insurance broker from Huntington, W.Va., is a handsome, six-foot-four bachelor who captained the golf team at Princeton and served one term (1948–50) in the state legislature. A finalist this year in the British Amateur, he plays his informal rounds in green-blue Campbell-tartan shorts.

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